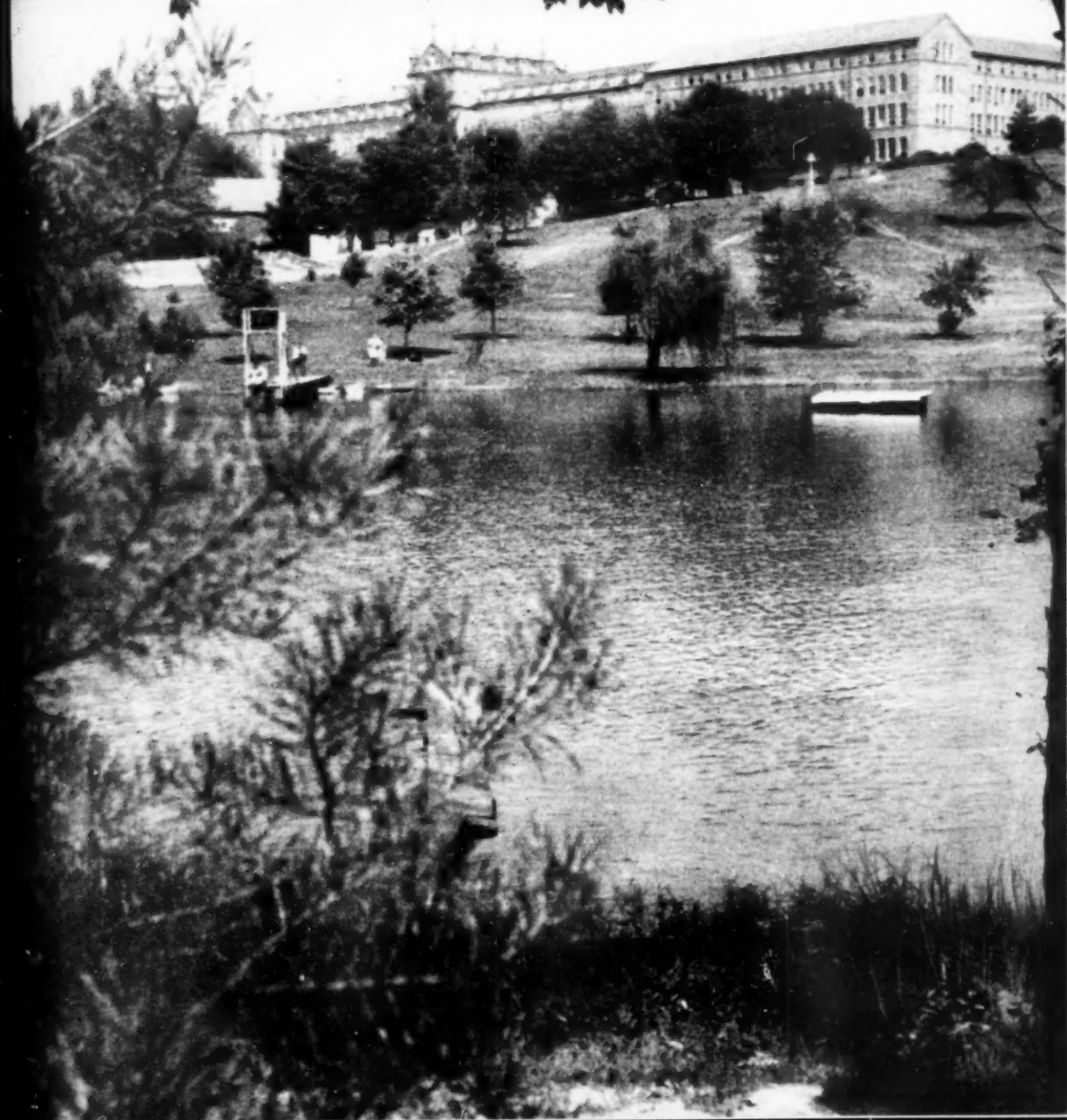


The GRAIL



The Grail

Volume 30, No. 4

APRIL, 1948

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THE GRAIL

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THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Subscription price \$2.00 a year: Canada \$2.50. Foreign \$3.00. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage section 1103, October 3, 1917: authorized June 5, 1919.

THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

We employ no agents.

Manuscripts of articles and stories should be addressed to the Reverend Editor, The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Subscriptions and enrollments in The Grail Mass Guild should be addressed to The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana. Changes of address, giving the old and the new address, should be sent to us a month in advance.



BETWEEN the Lines...

Brotherhood in Action

H. C. McGinnis

WE Christians talk a great deal about brotherhood, but do very little about practicing it. Perhaps this explains why we are no nearer than we are to its achievement and the resulting peace. Peace rests upon solidarity, yet we do very little that is constructive to achieve solidarity. This is particularly true in regard to society's economic order where, despite our pious platitudes to the contrary, we are faithful followers of Individualism. We talk much about a Christian society, yet evidently overlook the undeniable fact that a Christian society demands a fellowship in everyday life which we do not practice. The Christian civilization to which we give lip service depends for its existence upon love, peace, unity, and solidarity. Although these desirable objectives are frequently the subject matter of

high sounding pronouncements, they must become matters of constant practice in every aspect of everyday life if society is to become another name for man's brotherhood. Perhaps part of our failure stems from the fact that we do not know how to translate our Christian teachings into the practice of society's economic life.

Cooperatives prove by their history that they are the methods best known in the economic world for the achieving of human unity and form the surest answer to the difficult problem of bringing about human solidarity. Cooperatives are an expression of Christian democracy. The spirit of cooperation is the spirit of community. This spirit is achieved by the mandatory association and coordination of a community's individuals when they engage in cooperative endeavor. The

very nature of cooperatism demands that it build its growth upon the spirit of unity and the active goodwill of one member towards the others. Such united effort is in complete accord with our nature, for it is our nature that we are happiest when working together. Since this is true, then such working together is for our good. It is neither natural nor good for man to practice Individualism in any aspect of life.

Real cooperatism is brotherhood planning and brotherhood building. It is brotherhood in buying and selling; it is brotherhood in furnishing the necessities of life. Although it appears to be an economic operation, its real essence is much more than economic. It has deep spiritual implications. Being the spirit of community activity, it promotes the unique method of achieving brotherhood by way of brotherhood. Under

it, man shares with and for his neighbors a bit of capital, a bit of work, his concern and interest, and the control and management of those affairs necessary to his economic existence. It develops a true significance to the "Our" in "Our Father" and gives a real meaning to that part of our daily prayer where we ask that our Heavenly Father "give us this day *our* daily bread."

Cooperatism is one of the active aspects of the Second Great Commandment. In its activities, the Christian citizen advances from a passive Christian to an active one in the obligation that he love his neighbor as himself. To the Christian who is hungry for the opportunity to make his obedience more than a pious platitude, it must be unquestionably a moment of rare joy when he discovers that he can practice constructively the social implications of his religion instead of merely theorizing about them. When men cooperate in their daily activities, they achieve that greater stature which is obtained when man enters more fully into Christian living. The close bond which cooperatism brings between its members and the reciprocal interests and

mutual understandings which it promotes give a stability to the social relationship which is necessary if man is to live in a peaceful society.

Furthermore, cooperatism is a sure method by which man can maintain his natural dignity. The Industrial Age brought along with it the age of de-personalization. As mechanized production becomes more and more advanced, the worker who operates modern machines becomes less of a personality. In truth, he becomes little more than a thinking appurtenance of the machine itself. The mechanization of life has shown a strong tendency to keep pace with the mechanization of production. This de-personalization of the worker has not stopped with his work, but has spread into the many aspects of society. As a result, man stands close to losing both his dignity and his individuality. Because of these losses man has come to the point where he is liable to succumb to the lure of Totalitarianism with its mechanically ordered daily existence. The slavish submission of the worker to his high-powered machine is but a step from his submission to high-powered Statism in which man surrenders his individuality to become one of a drab herd. Hence, we find

a serious threat, devastating in its ultimate implications, pointed at both Christian dignity and democracy. It is because of this de-personalization that we find today's man not unwilling to consider Totalitarianism as an escape from the Individualism which has obviously brought society to its present state of misery.

Cooperatism permits its members to again become personalized and to promote their personality. Since co-operative enterprises are economic systems which are made up of the people and conducted by the people for the people, they therefore place the control of their conduct in the hands of their members. Since a cooperative's members must collaborate in its management and control, this method of activity automatically ends the indifference and apathy which are the bane of today's society. Because today's democratic citizen shows a strong tendency to permit himself to become as thoroughly de-personalized in his political life as he is in his industrial activities—a condition which bodes no good for a healthy democratic society—it is essential that something be uncovered which will again head the citizen in the proper direction which he must maintain if he is to preserve his natural freedoms.

Cooperatism is an activity which develops private initiative and thinking, both of which are highly vital to democracy's wellbeing. It teaches the individual to analyse his conditions and to find necessary remedies when they are unsatisfactory. While this teaching is mainly evident in his economic life, it will in time spread to his political life, just as his de-personalization in his industrial life finally overflowed into his political life. Sound democracy requires integrity, self-reliance, resourcefulness, and strong personality in both its political and economic phases. The Industrial Age has brought the individual's status to such a pass that great social and psychological advances in the conduct of man must be made if he is to enjoy his status as a son of God.



"I bought two copies of 'How To Bring Up Your Children'—one for each of my neighbors!"

While all thinking people admit that society must escape from Individualism and its resulting Monopolism if proper human standards are to be achieved and maintained, they also know that in doing so man must not surrender one whit of his natural freedoms. Hence, it becomes mandatory that, in escaping from Individualism, we both preserve and promote democracy. To compromise with any form of State absolutism is simply jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Totalitarianism, with its Collectivism, is contrary to both the nature of person and society. Man enjoys inherently an elemental freedom which may not be safely intruded upon by either a State or by Individualism's Monopolists. Since neither Totalitarianism nor Individualism provides the proper and safe path for society's progress to its proper destiny, it is obvious that there must be a third path. The Christian concept of society provides this third way. Within its framework, Cooperatism protects and promotes man's elemental economic freedoms in a way which cannot be surpassed by any other system. It is in full accord with that system of vocational groups called for by Pope Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno*.

Under cooperatism, people with common needs and aims find themselves together in an organization which gives the proper balance of independence and interdependence. While each cooperator maintains that degree of independence which is called for by the preservation of human dignity and personality, he at the same time admits, even by his

application for membership in a co-operative group, the mutual interdependence which exists among members of the human family. Once a member, he finds that he has entered a group in which material values are subordinated to human values. Regardless of the amount of his financial contribution to the enterprise, he finds himself entering into the decisions of the group on an equal footing with his fellow members; for cooperators have one vote apiece regardless of the amount of their material investment. Hence, man and his ability speak instead of dollars doing the talking.

Cooperatism properly established is a practice of the principles of social justice advocated by the social philosophies of Leo XIII and Pius XI. True cooperatism admits as its basic principles that human society is a body consisting of many members, the real interests of whom are identical; that true workmen must be fellow workers; and that the principle of justice, and not of selfishness, must govern its activities.

Social justice requires that the benefits of a community's production be diffused among the producers in accordance with their respective contributions. Under the monopolistic form of Capitalism, the fruits of production, very often enhanced by artificially created scarcities, go into the hands of a few. Cooperatism seeks to give a greater diffusion to the benefits of production. Cooperatism under the Capitalistic structure is a system of distributing nature's abundance for the good of the people as nature intended, rather than for the selfish gain of a few.

Hence, it does not eliminate the private business man; it admits hundreds of thousands more persons to private business. Cooperatism is a form of Capitalism which means more things owned by more people; fewer at the top, fewer at the bottom, more in the middle. It is, in short, economic democracy in action.

Cooperatism is the method by which Monopolism's gouging of the consumer can be ended without resorting to the various regimentations used by the police form of government. When a cooperative group has a sufficiently large membership, or a number of cooperatives become allied, the members can join in producing many of their daily needs. In this way they produce what they want in the quantity they want. There are no shortages or surpluses: shortages which are costly to the consumer and surpluses which are costly to the producer. Artificially created shortages, which gouge the consumer who can pay higher prices and deny the one who can't, and at the same time make more money for the manufacturer, do not exist under cooperatism.

In a democracy the individual citizens do as much as possible for themselves, especially where the control of the things which affect their daily lives is concerned. Since it doesn't appear likely that government will succeed in ironing out the bugs in our economic system, we Americans should form small neighborhood groups to study the various phases of cooperatism for our mutual benefit. Let us put brotherhood to work!

The May issue of *THE GRAIL* will contain the first and only complete and official record of the national tour of the Virgin Pilgrim—the image of Our Lady of Fatima. The extent of interest and the remarkable graces accompanying this tour make it one of the greatest religious events in the history of our country. The record will be fully illustrated. Subsequent issues will continue to keep our readers informed of the progress of the pilgrimage.

ALTAR BOYS

S. C. M.

YOU have watched them, times without number, in their efficient trips around the sanctuary, folded hands held at just the proper angle, bows deep and impressive, movements quietly reverent, and sometimes you have wondered how young, screeching ball players of an hour before have been thus suddenly transformed. If ever you have had a hand in the task of doing the transforming, you will understand the timeless fascination altar boys have for me. A red-cassocked boy lighting the candles for Mass—and my mind is off on a train of thought that skims lightly through time and space, and stops at the boys' sacristy of a large parish church where once my busiest hours were spent in the happy task of directing altar boys. There are memories by the score clinging to it—resplendent memories of Easter, Corpus Christi, Christmas, all the great feasts—and many and many an everyday memory besides.

There were scores of altar boys to be looked after, of every degree of faithfulness to duty and aptitude in learning. Aptitude in learning, did I say? Perhaps the phrase "ability to improve" would be more accurate. The variety possible in versions of the Confeitor in the hands of small boys was amazing, to say the least. And when, on occasion, one was delegated to lead the rosary at a service, the Apostles' Creed became a veritable Waterloo, from which the young acolyte emerged triumphant, if exhausted, or utterly bewildered at the way the words had shaped themselves when he tried to say them without the comforting aid of his fellows.

One of the really great occasions of the year was the Christmas Midnight Mass, when every altar boy of the parish might take his place in the sanctuary. There were problems—



almost a hundred boys, grade school, high school, and seminary students to be assigned placed and duties. There was the sizing up of boys and cassocks—white cassocks, red cassocks, and black ones for the tallest wearers. There were moments of panic when it seemed certain that the boys would outnumber the cassocks, and one had frenzied visions of using the nuns' cloaks to fill in the gaps. There was always the moment of tense anxiety when, the Gloria recited, the occupants of the sanctuary seated themselves while the choir finished its singing of the hymn of praise. It was just possible that some small boy, a bit dazzled by the midnight glory, would forget the exact spot assigned to him, and would be left standing alone, looking for all the world like a cherub somehow lost on his way to the Bethlehem plains.

The occasions of the great processions were momentous in their preparation and beautiful in their fulfillment. Holy Saturday evening with its Resurrection service was one of the wondrous times when one

looked at the long lines of devoutly recollected boys and marveled that they were able to subdue the energy that was pent up within. Corpus Christi procession was a real achievement. The parish was one of those communities, rare in our country, privileged to hold its Corpus Christi procession through the streets, to carry the Blessed Sacrament past its homes that they might be blessed by the very passage of Christ. How proud the boys were to be chosen to walk close to the Eucharistic Christ! How careful they were with the censer and candles—how anxious that nothing should keep them away on that day. Of course, there were moments of woe now and then—a scorched surplice that some over-eager candle-bearer came close to lighting as a holocaust, or a mistake in the details of serving that upset the equilibrium of a whole group—with each one anxious to set the offender right. But one learned to be thankful that so many times they did the right thing and so few times the wrong.

Announcement of All Souls' Day services at the cemetery always brought more volunteers than could be used. Perhaps the fact that this was a "different" kind of service was a part of the attraction. One of the things that made the boys feel important was donning cassock and surplice at the home of the sexton of the cemetery. Although the home was much like their own, they always stood on ceremony while they were there, tiptoeing around, and speaking in whispers. Goodness knows, one was glad to find ways of persuading them to quiet speech and action. There was always so much life and energy ready to be spilled over at a moment's notice that any effort to be subdued was welcomed. Perhaps the Holy Souls had a hand in it on those occasions.

There is just no end to the pictures of individual incidents that come to mind—little things now, but so big at the moment, and so poignant sometimes at the remembrance of all that has happened since to those carefree lads who “served” with such boyish zest. There was the Holy Thursday when Jimmy came downstairs after his half-hour vigil before the repository, happy in the fact that he had read through the whole prayerbook he had taken with him—“even the Epistles and Gospels!” Poor Jimmy! An automobile accident cut his life short before he was twenty, and took with him two of his friends, a real David and Jonathan pair, who had been as faithful altar boys as any boys could be. There was little Joe, who wanted so badly to serve Mass, but who found details very confusing. He created a tense moment one morning when he attempted the task alone, and appeared at the side of the altar during the Offertory portion of the Mass with water cruet in one hand, and the Lavabo towel in the other—no sign of anything to catch the water he would pour! Fortunately the officiating priest saw the error in time, and the day was saved.

There was, too, the “serving family”—four boys who could be assigned to serve together. Happy the weeks when they took care of the early High Mass! If one was there, all four were, and that provided substitutes for possible absentees assigned to Low Masses at the same time. On the very rare occasions when their ordinarily watchful mother overslept, the vacancy was overwhelming. And, lest one should become too much at ease because the boys were ready in plenty of time, there was the boy who always managed not to be actually late, but who had the act of last-minute appearance down to an art. Not more than a half-minute before the priest was to leave the sacristy, he would hurtle through the door, doffing his coat as he did so, reach for cassock and surplice, manage somehow to put himself into them as he took the stairs three at a time, and walked

out into the sanctuary before the priest as calmly as if he had been there for an hour. Why did one worry? He never was late, was he?

Some day someone ought to write a whole chapter about Louis. As a little chap, his evident pride of accomplishment in the sanctuary was a joy to see. When his small friends discussed the possibilities of missionary life that might be explored at some future day, Louis decided he would be willing to go along to China—not as a missionary, but to serve Mass for one of them. He didn't get quite to China—he lies buried in the uniform of an officer of the United States Marines in the Gilbert Islands—his young life a part of the price of war. The letter that came from a fellow-officer to tell of his going drew a picture, that assured us that he had carried his gaiety and warmth of character to the end. If there were any need, he would be the kind who would offer his services to help make newcomers feel at home in heaven. Thinking of Louis brings to my mind a friend and classmate of his who is always associated especially in my thoughts with St. Stephen's day. Anyone who knows small boys knows also the usual state of their sense of responsibility on the day after Christmas. I like to remember the feeling of assurance with which I posted Alvin's name as the server for the six o'clock Mass on the feast of St. Stephen. Never was I disappointed in my confidence—than which no greater praise could be given to an altar boy.

A good leader is essential to success in any undertaking—serving at the altar is no exception. One such altar boy in particular comes to mind as I recall the occasions that demanded leadership within the group. A quiet-spoken lad, he could be trusted to keep his head regardless of circumstances. If the servers practiced marching in procession to the Crib before the Midnight Mass on Christmas, and it was discovered that the aisles which were to serve as line of march were too crowded to be used, he would take a moment to survey possible avenues, and lead

his small sheep safely to their destination. If a service was long, and some small boy in the line inside the sanctuary grew tired of kneeling and settled back on his heels, the leader “picked him up” with a glance that said, ever so plainly, “It just isn't done, you know!” If, as happened some times, one of the smaller servers grew faint in the warm, crowded church, the older boy lifted him without a trace of self-consciousness, and carried him out to be revived.

Among the pictures of boys and incidents that are part of memory's treasure, there are many little flashes of boy nature that shine out—the narrowly averted fist fight in the sacristy “because it's my turn to swing the censers, and he wants to do it”—the little group hastily summoned from their play in the ball park to serve at an unexpected Holy Saturday afternoon funeral, and the hasty cleaning up that resulted in the cross bearer's appearing at the head of the little procession with face shining from soapy water, and hands whose backs were as grimy as a coal heaver's—the impromptu contest staged at successive Benedictions to see just how high the censers might safely be swung—grease spots on cassocks; it is a hard task for a small boy to hold a candle quietly—the willingness to try again to perform a service perfectly, even after repeated failures and takings to task.

Helping altar boys to perform their task well is the next best thing to being one—and some of us must be content with that. God surely looks with a special kindness on the boys who are pages at His court; whatever happens to them as they grow older, certainly He never forgets their sleepy-eyed efforts on cold winter mornings, their faithfulness in lazy vacation days, their heroic efforts to pronounce the strange-sounding Latin words, although they can see no reason why a letter pronounced in one way should be right, and, in another, should cause anything from hilarity to wrath in their teacher. Altar boys—God bless them, every one!

A Memory of Spring



By Babette M. Stiefel

Illustrated by Paul A. Grout

WHAT is it about spring that makes me idle at street corners to watch children playing? What is it that works itself through the dark, mysterious clefts of my memory and clasps me lightly with the sleazy, fingerless embrace of vapor? Is it the fat thud of a ball on the cement, the rasp of voices as the rope swings to the rhythm of "double-dutch," the hoarse rushing of youth, flinging their freedom and guilelessness into the faces of their adults who are grown impatient with age, with freedom and weary of their dreams?

Yes, adulthood brings troubles bred of desire, but childhood is abandoned to chance and wondrous trivialities.

Of many springs, there was one particular one that I recall. Though the sun was bright, the layer of air between it and the earth had not sufficiently warmed to give the land the soft, sultry odor that one associates with that time of year. Indeed, despite the lacey greenness of the leaves on the trees, and the riot of color of the tulips and lilac in the city parks, an unexpected cold

wave nipped surlily at bare legs and whipped across grass spears that seemed to hesitate in growth until the peculiar weather should abate.

The cold, however, was not penetrating enough to daunt those of us whose daily haunt, with the arrival of spring, was in the region of Lincoln Square. One of our particularly happy adventures was to ride The Goat, a small bronze statue whose shiny back and lowered horns are now glossy with the innumerable slidings on and off of countless generations of children, all of whom dearly loved to scramble atop his back and so insure themselves a momentary triumph over the more sedate postures of life.

We were busily engaged in defending ourselves from an attack by Indians, Roger Roman, Andy Harper, Jeannie Maeder and I. The Indians were quite obscured by the heavy fringe of grass that stood in thick tufts on the edge of the lawn. Whoever of our party shot the greatest number would be privileged to ride The Goat as his very own steed. It was all highly arbitrary of course, since we were never certain how to keep count of our victories, much less those of our companions. The game most naturally did not preclude some large amount of suspicion and argument, for since the reward was such a valued one our arithmetical calculations could barely keep pace with our individual ardor.

"Linda, you're cheating!" Jeannie said to me. "You're counting ten and you just had eight a minute ago. I heard you!"

"Couldn't I have killed two at once?" I rejoined angrily, not quite certain myself whether I had just fumbled with my computations or whether I had convincingly shot two Indians with one miraculously aimed buNet.

Jeannie, for answer, began pounding my back in spirited annoyance.

"You mean old thing, there! You're cheating and I'm not going to let you ride the old Goat, so there!"

My enemy, no longer remaining invisible, challenged my already awakened fighting blood. We rolled over and over in the grass, pulling and clawing at each other until Jeannie gave my head an unusually hard knock. I didn't want to cry. It most certainly left Jeannie the victor, but my head had hit a stone and somehow or other the tears came despite the fact that I dug my grubby fists into my eyes to do all I could to avert them. The boys began to jeer and called me "cry baby." Jeannie, triumphant, mounted The Goat. A squab-

ble immediately ensued between her and the two boys, but I, an outcast and burning with the mockery that still rang in my ears, stumbled down the path till I was no longer within hearing distance of my former playmates.

As I walked along I felt the people seated on the benches, the very trees and even the squirrels and pigeons were all staring at me, wondering at the great size of a girl who so easily could be persuaded to tears. My head still hurt and the unkindness of my friends further provoked inside me a deep, penetrating feeling that instead of being surrounded by the leafy greenness of the park, I was walking down cold, unfriendly avenues of a black, leering pit. The more I thought of the recent episode the worse I felt until my childish heart seemed a cave of grim despair.

I finally reached a spot that seemed quite vacant of people. An empty bench that stood in a small, semicircular clearing seemed the proper place for me to escape from unsympathetic eyes. Gradually my tears ceased and the swirling film that had so clouded my eyes cleared away. I soon realized that the lark looked very lovely, quivering under the clear sheet of spring sunlight. I further observed that I was not alone. Seated under one of the elm trees, quite oblivious of my presence, was a dark, misshapen Italian organ grinder. His back was twisted and bent into such a peculiar form that his small head whose chin rested on his chest, seemed false, as if it had been clapped onto his shoulders as an afterthought. There was something about this man, something so ugly and sinister that it immediately suggested malevolence and perhaps disaster. Even the monkey seemed plucked of gaiety and lay on the grass a trembling, inanimate shape.

I had never seen an organ grinder detached from the mob of children that always followed him, nor seen a monkey when it was not eagerly doffing its hat or nervously chattering to itself, scampering up legs and shoulders or wagging its pendulum of a tail from the organ grinder's shoulder. Seeing them then, alone, unadorned by frivolity, listless and tired, terror suddenly seized me. I remembered tales I had heard at which I had scoffed, how gypsies and sometimes organ grinders, who were most certainly related, would kidnap little girls. They would put them in burlap bags and sling them over their shoulders and make them slaves of the gypsy queen. Even worse things were told. I blinked hard so as not to remember them, for already I felt like crying out. A hasty glance did little to reassure me. In my efforts to abandon myself to solitude I had quite left the

busy thoroughfares of the park. Indeed, there was only the narrow path by which I had come, offering escape. Its narrowness and direction that was almost obscured by thick brambles seemed alarmingly inadequate for sudden flight. I sat on the bench, barely breathing, for fear I would be discovered, and I wondered where I was, and what I should do. Everything took its place in my mind as purposeful elements in a tragedy. The absence of people, the loneliness of the spot, the strange glowering look on the organ grinder's face which was partially obscured by shadow, partially by the fact that it was averted, his eyes staring in another direction, all contributed to the menacing plot. I thought with dismal satisfaction, that should something really happen to me, Jeannie and the boys would be sorry. It would be Jeannie's turn to cry then, and even the boys might turn pale, feeling keen emotion. They'd wish then they hadn't been mean or accused me of cheating.

Far off noises in the park spun in distant arcs. Because of my newly aroused fears, the park became a deep, impenetrable forest. The city and my home seemed as remote as the far off planets, as impersonal to me as the sun that polished the heavy cluster of trees with a liquid, pale green light.

The man suddenly turned to the monkey and angrily prodded him in the belly with the heavy toe of his shoe.

"Questa monda! Questa monda! No getta da mon', how eata da bread? You a no good monkey! Why not you getta some nickels an' dimes? Only da pennies. Pennies! Bah! Pennies no good for nothing. Make da nickels an' dimes in years maybe. What so matter with my musica? What so matter with the keeds, they don' bring me more moneys? Per la madonna, you're a no good monkey!"

The monkey rubbed a paw furtively over its muzzle and ducked its head coyly under one arm. The organ grinder was not to be appeased, but thrust a thick forefinger in the monkey's face.

"I'm a hungry, my Marie, she's a hungry, my seex keeds are a hungry, all because you're a no good a monkey!" The man grunted and settled back against the trunk of the elm against which he had been resting.

Somehow or other the monkey must have caught a glimpse of me, for he started to whimper and tugged with a tiny paw at the coat of the organ grinder. The man turned then and saw me. His heavy look of dissatisfaction became entangled in a kind of twisted smile that to me, at the time, appeared more like a leer. I thought to myself,

now he's got me. He'll pick me up, by my feet perhaps, and swing me over his hunched back and carry me away to Marie and his six children.

"Allo, leetle girl!" The organ grinder smiled openly, displaying very white, very even teeth.

"Hello," I replied and managed to appear polite.

"Would you a likea to hear some musica, eh?" The man clumsily got to his feet and put the strap attached to the organ around his waist.

"Thees is my monkey, Mike. Most a monkeys, they is called Pepito or Jocko, but not thees monkey. He ees very fine, very smart, very wonderful da monkey, eh Mike?"

Mike warily cocked his head to one side and suspiciously blinked his eyes.

"Eh, leetle girl, you have been crying? Not nicea for leetle girls to cry. It ees too wonderfula day. Look at all the flowers, the pretty trees, the nice sun she shine so warm, an' you sit there so sad. Me, my name is Joe. Joe the organ grinder. Joseph Anthony Caravelli an' now me an' Mike will make you feel a mucha better. How's that?"

"That will be fine," I replied, almost whispering. In appearance he was such an awful man, I decided he must be very evil, though he seemed friendly enough. It must be his way of trying not to frighten me, I thought, before he grabs me and carries me off.

The sun, like a great forceps, stooped beneath the arch of the trees, picking out the road, white and staring that lay between me and the organ grinder. A dark shadow from one of the elms tilted its irregular silhouette across the path. Over the thick grasses a bright dragonfly shimmered its pale wings, its body vibrating with the excited energy of motion. My mind remained clamped to its fear. Actually the only motion was the thick, sluggish warning that circled in my brain. Everything else seemed merely to trail behind in limp pace. He's going to kidnap me, he's going to kidnap me. The words framed themselves in gloomy design. Inside me bled the terrible wound. The flashing sky, the varied shades of green of tree and thicket that lay ecstatic, mesmerized by the spring sunlight, were all witness to my despair. I sat confronted by a cheerless fate. Home and friends and all that I knew and loved would soon be exchanged for servility and want. He would soon have seven children, hungry, and one hungrier than the rest. Fear, terrible and unassuageable welled up inside me, connecting with a jagged bolt of coldness that pushed against my throat, pounded behind the pits of my eyes. There he stood, the

convulsion of his features framed in a shameful, mocking grin. Squalid and misshapen, my enemy, my kidnapper, awkwardly stood before me, adjusting the strap of his hand organ, and making disrespectful remarks in Italian to the monkey who had, like his master, assumed an attitude of open scorn.

"How 'bout it, leetle girl. I play for you, yes? That will make you smile maybe?"

I nodded since I found I could not speak.

The organ grinder began to vigorously turn the handle of the organ. Despite myself I soon found my foot tapping in rhythm to the melody, and a smile coming to my lips and Mike lithely cut capers, chattering to himself, his long bony arms energetically waving in the air. One part of my mind, however, remained frozen, a substantial bulwark of portection lest the man takes me unawares and run off with me. Despite even that, I found myself growing more and more relaxed as one tune followed another, squeaking in merry fashion from out of the old fashioned music box.

"You like that, yes? You smile, all leetle girls should always smile. Even Mike is happy. Mike no like a to see leetle girls and boys unhappy, right, Mike?" He wants for everybodys be happy. Mens and womens an' all their leetle childrens smile an' dance an' don't be sad no more."

Mike rubbed his head and squinted his eyes up at the man's face.

"You likea to hold Mike on your lap? He be good. Mikea good a monkey. Don't hurt nobody's. Some monkeys they bite an' spit. Mike, he good boy. Mike only got fleas, but what monkey who is healthy he ain't got 'em? Mike, go over an' sit on the leetle girl's lap an' make her happy."

In enthusiastic obedience the tiny animal, trailing his leash after him, ran across the path and clambered up the bench, seating himself contentedly in my lap. Joe, the organ grinder, began to play again and in response to the music and habits become part of his uncanny nature, the monkey began to investigate my hand, his wet nose and tiny paws digging for money. I remembered what I had overheard Joe say and flushed in embarrassment.

"I'm afraid I haven't any money," I said to Joe. "I used up all my allowance yesterday." I felt my hands grow damp with sweat. Now it's going to happen I thought. I ran the tip of my tongue along my lips and gulped deeply. I felt certain the organ grinder would lower his dark face at me and threaten me with all kinds of horrible

things unless I offered him some coins. I could feel the disaster latent in the afternoon become more and more pronounced. The air smelled of dust and there was the closer, furry odor of the monkey. The monkey's paw scratched impatiently at the palm of my hand. I visualized my mother's and father's pale, drawn faces when they discovered that I was gone. They would call up Jeannie's house and Roger's and Andy's. Where is Linda, they would cry. "What has happened to Linda?" The children were playing Cowboys and Indians the adults would reply and Linda and Jeannie had a quarrel and Linda's head was bumped. Jeannie bumped Linda's head. I could see the stony glance of Jeannie's mother coldly reprimanding Jeannie. They were playing Cowboys and Indians to see who would ride The Goat and the children chased poor Linda away. A new thought alarmed me. That is all the trace they would have of me, that I had left them at The Goat in tears. There was no way to leave a trail, to mark the path so the policemen could come and say "Here is where she must have been." I didn't even have a handkerchief that I could drop.

The monkey in my lap whimpered and tugged at one of my fingers.

"You no gotta da mon'? Thatsa too bad. But Mike an' me, we're used to that. Mosta childrens ain't gotta da mon'. It's their mothers an' fathers. An' lotsa times their mothers an' fathers they no gotta da mon' neither. Musica, musica was meant to be played for nothings and you shouldn't mind you no gotta da mon'."

I was bewildered and surprised. I was certain he would be angry and would curse me and even beat me with his great, thick hands.

"Aren't you angry at me for not having any money to give you?" I asked. "You scolded the monkey before, I heard you."

For a man who had promises of being such a villain Joe looked very cheerful and kind.

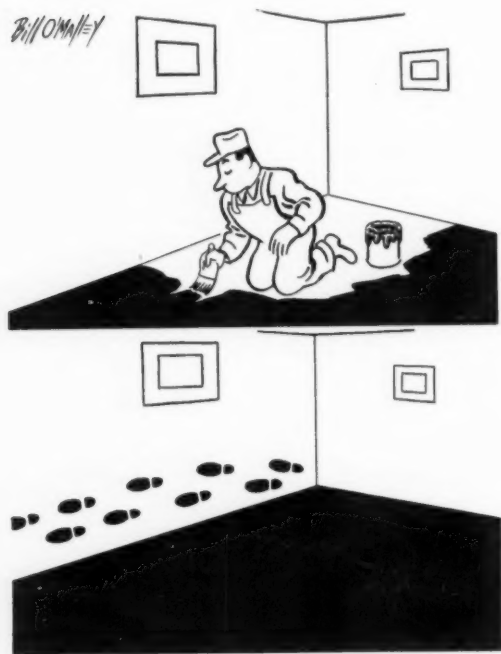
"Eh, you did? Mike an' me, we talka much to each other, sometimes I get mad with Mike because we no makea lot of da mon'. Then Mike, he turns his back an' waits till I get over my bad temper. He no likea me thata way. I'd like to be very reech. Hey, leetle girl, you know what's it like to be reech? You have fine clothes an' nice a house and plenty da grub an' get big fat bellies. Eh, you think that would not be fine, you think not?" Joe rubbed his own stomach reflectively.

"Me, I gotta seex leetle keeps an' a wonderful wife, but I ain't gotta da mon'. Sometimes I get scared an' then I get mad at Mike. It ain't his

fault, but I get mad somehow, an' then I kick him in the belly an' he makes a da face at me an' then I get to thinkin' an' things ain't so bad, see?"

I saw my fears then for what they were, a false prelude, a ridiculous babbling of the senses. The earth seemed safe once more. A small cloud momentarily obscured the sun. The shadow that fell as a pale darkness was like a broad leaf blown in indifferent fashion by the wind. The earth was quite safe and with an almost holy fervor I breathed deeply of the air just faintly tinted with the silver fabric of spring. My mind, cleansed of suspicion, regained its balance. Everything seemed burning with a clear, pure green light. The trailing vines, the plants, the trees, all were outlined with an individual clarity, as if each possessed some inner light that revealed color and shape with new perfection. I looked with faith at Joe the organ grinder. His features no longer appeared sullen, nor his body disfigured. I sensed the steady goodness of him that blurred in winding rings around him like the soft light among the trees.

I pulled the small body of Mike very close to me and rocked him back and forth in my arms.



"I can go home and get some money. I don't live very far away."

"No, no! We wouldn't wan' that you do that. We liked playin' for you, makin' you stopa da tears. Now you looka much a da better. Smilin' an' happy like all leetle girls should look."

"If you're here tomorrow I'll bring some money. I've a whole quarter saved. You can have it for your wife and six children." I thought unhappily that a quarter would not go very far with such a large family.

"Eh. Mike, We getta reech queek?" Joe laughed marvelously and patted his stomach approvingly. "No, leetle one, don' you worry. Joe an' Mike, they get along. We won' say how, but they get by an' pretty soon they get a car an' a great beeg house an' lotsa new clothes. Mike, he'll get a red hat with gold all around an' a red vest with lotsa leetle bells. An' me, I'll get a new bandan', an' we'll be very, very handsome, eh, Mike?"

Mike wiggled his small, black nose and looked very important.

It was getting late I noticed, with the light beginning to sag lower in the sky. The wind was growing steadier, branching out and flapping in and among the trees in stronger rhythms. It was time that I start for home and so I shook hands goodbye with Mike and Joe.

"Will you be here tomorrow?" I asked hopefully.

"Why sure, sure! We're here every day, playin' for the keeds an' their poppas an' mommas. We'll see you again, sure, but you don't cry no more, all right?"

"All right," I promised and turned to leave.

As I thrust my hands into the pockets of my coat I discovered an apple hidden in one. I had forgotten all about it. I turned back to Joe with some embarrassment, thrust the apple at him.

"Here," I said, "it's new and awfully good. I wish you would take it."

His face was soft in a tender, gentle smile.

"Eh, leetle one, you are very kind. Thanks so much. Eh, Mike! Thank the leetle lady. Whatsa matter, you no good monkey?"

Mike made haste to rectify his lack of manners. He scratched his little head, peered at me with his alert, bright black eyes and chattered excitedly as he made a sweeping bow.

The last I saw of Mike and Joe, Mike was still jumping up and down, while Joe slowly turned the handle of the old organ, a gentle smile lighting his dark, kind face.

Open Forum

(Editor's Note: The Grail does not ordinarily recognize anonymous letters. We are making an exception this month because we feel that there may be some reason for the writer remaining unknown, and because we wish to express agreement with the idea that the evil described in this letter is to be ascribed to men much oftener than to women.)

The Grail
St. Meinrad, Indiana

Reverend Fathers:

I don't know how to state what I want to say. Let me begin with what happened in my home. My wife corrected our thirteen year old girl for a disrespectful answer. I had been silently watching this lack of respect for some time. The girl told her mother in a sullen way: "I guess Father— said this morning in church that we young folks are good; that it's the *mothers* who are no account."

Without a second's thought I slapped her mouth so hard it bled because my wife is the best mother there is. She looked at me surprised and said through tears and pain: "I guess you always said we should listen to what he says and believe it; that he'd never tell us anything wrong."

Sometime later this same girl handed me a "Grail" and said, "See, there it is again; mothers are no good." She's the oldest of my six. I'm lost. I don't know what to do in the face of that. I understand what you're fighting and I respect it. Children don't. Some women are guilty; many—a great majority—are not. Even in childless homes some women are innocent. Among my small circle of friends men have told me what to do saying: "Priests won't ever say anything to men; they know where their bread and butter come from. The men handle the pocket-books."

That was one man's idea of it. Some men are to blame too. If you could hear the men talk in the lunch hour at the plant where I work, I believe you'd have to agree that many more men are the birth controllers and hypocritically hide under the innocent wife's skirt. They all

contend that man's way is not wrong. . . . The wife of the above mentioned man is in the insane asylum today. Why? She wanted children."

Your priests make it so general, you include all women, or so it seems. There are so many, many good women. Don't condemn all. How can we raise our families if you in sermons and printing counteract "Honor thy father and thy mother"?

In your effort to show up bad women must we lead our children to dishonor mothers? Please say something for the good mother. There are lots of them, more than bad ones. If children lose respect for their mothers, God help them and us, for all will be lost. There are many rotten men, too, but they're not condemned before their children. I say the medical graft, the doctor's racket, is the real core. My wife is under the doctor's care practically all the time. Seven months before her time and several months after. By that time there's the same thing over. I'll bet my mother never saw a doctor before the night I was born, if then. Maybe yours not either. They were stronger and better off. Doctors make drug addicts of our wives. They won't take a case in the home. It has to be a hospital bill. Put a control on their methods and charges, and you'll have ninety percent of birth control solved.

Is it ever wise to lecture parents

when little or growing children sit in the front pews with open eyes, open ears, open hearts, open minds, and later open mouths, to repeat what they thought they heard and didn't understand?

A worried father.

The writer of this letter should not have veiled his identity. It would then be possible to write to him and to soothe his wounds. The Grail has certainly not condemned all mothers. What his daughter read could have been only the reference made by Our Blessed Lady to "bad" mothers when she appeared at Bonato in Italy. This father should have his daughter read "Those Terrible Teens" and discuss it with her. No priest is so money-minded as to shirk his duty in the pulpit because he knows "where his bread and butter come from." Priests know that more can be accomplished with sinners such as our writer described when they can be reached in the confessional than in the pulpit. Medical care and hospital maternity care is a boon that we all consider the benefit of an advanced medical age. The infant mortality rate has been reduced so astonishingly by them that no one will accuse doctors of a "racket." The "worried father" was upset when he wrote as he did, and if he will consult either his pastor or his doctor he will be helped. Editor.



ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

Profession and Investiture Days are always days of joy in an Abbey. On these days we witness triumphs of grace, men offering themselves to the service of the Most High, by corresponding to the grace of vocation and consecrating themselves as living holocausts to the honor and glory of the Majesty of God. Profession Days may be compared to birthdays, when new members are added to the family. In her liturgy, the Church often uses this theme of giving birth to new life in connection with the collects of founders of Religious Orders, for they bring forth spiritual sons to God.

Saturday, February 7, five young men, after completion of their six month term of condidacy, were invested with the holy habit of St. Benedict and began their Novitiate. These young men are: Brother Novices Paul Schomer of Aurora, Illinois (novice for Marmion Monastery in Aurora), Albert Lawrey of Indianapolis, Raymond Kenealy of Louisville, Gregory Kramper of St. Libory, Ill., John Slavin of Niagara Falls, New York, and Edward Kemp of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Right Reverend Father Abbot presided and invested the above mentioned Candidates.

Thursday, February 12, six young men made their triennial Profession as Lay Brothers in the Community. In the absence of Father Abbot, the Very Reverend Father Prior received the vows during the Conventual High Mass. The newly Professed are: Brothers Regis Sievers of Vincennes, Indiana, Martin Brunette of Brazil, Indiana, Blaise Strassel of Cincinnati, Ohio, Ivo Staples of Washington, D. C., Ansgar Compton of Goliad, Texas, and Nivard Hennerforth of St. Louis, Missouri.

The first week of February was

Retreat Week at St. Meinrad, when the monastery, the Major Seminary, and the Minor Seminary entered into the solitude of closed retreats. The Reverend Herman Joseph Fister, O.F.M., of St. Louis, conducted the retreat for the Abbey. Members of the Marianist Congregation con-

ducted the retreats for the two seminaries, the Reverend Stanley Kusman, S.M., of San Antonio, Texas, preaching that of the Major Seminary, and the Reverend Richard Brand, S.M., principal of McBride High School, St. Louis, that of the Minor Seminary.



THOSE TERRIBLE TEENS

Vincent McCorry, S.J.

Those Terrible Teens, running serially in *The Grail* by special arrangement with the author and publisher, may be bought in book form from The Grail Office, St. Meinrad,, Indiana. The price is \$2.25. This book is a sympathetic and frank appeal to girls to retain the beauty of their pure souls. No more appropriate gift could be found for any girl from six to sixty. Introduce it to the Pastor, to the Sisters, to parents, to all girls. They will be grateful to you. The author is Father Vincent McCorry, S. J.

Editor's Note: Most girls will welcome the priceless hints given to them in this series of articles. Some may take exception to a few of the remarks. Whether you agree or disagree with the writer you are invited to send in your comment on the articles that all readers may have the benefit of them. Send your remarks to "Those Terrible Teens," *The Grail*, St. Meinrad, Indiana. Thank you.

All The Answers



HERE used to be an adjective which was used to describe a highly obnoxious type of girl. People would say of her, "She's bold, that's all." The statement was regarded as an extreme and ultimate condemnation. If the girl was bold, nothing else need be said, because little else could be said.

With the passing of simpler ways and words, the adjective "bold" has fairly fallen from use in the special sense we mention here, but unhappily, the type of girl which the word described has not vanished from among the daughters of Eve. This girl still exists; she is, often enough, a Catholic girl; she sometimes attends a Catholic high school. And this girl—we say it most emphatically—continues to be an absolute menace, both to herself and to everyone else.

Let us begin by underlining the seriousness of the matter with which we now deal. We have already insisted that any priestly effort to help young Catholic girls is apt to be thwarted, from the very outset, by a spiritual deafness which prevents a girl from grasping the counsel which is offered. One factor in this spiritual deafness, we contended, is lightheadedness; and therefore adolescent giddiness demanded and received just condemnation. But in comparison with the second cause of spiritual deaf-

ness, lightheadedness seems a light fault indeed. What used to be called boldness and is now called sophistication—and Satan must be delighted with the change in nomenclature—is the rarer, but far more dangerous element in young spiritual deafness. If a girl is so silly that she cannot absorb five minutes of serious talk, it is a pity. If a girl is so sophisticated that she will not listen to a single word of advice, it is a crime. A silly girl may win a certain sympathy. A sophisticated girl had better be watched.

The impression seems to have gotten about, especially among those sentimental champions of youth who have remained stoutly undergraduate in their intellectual development, that among Catholic girls the sophisticated type does not exist. ("Not in this academy, Father.") This vernal frame of mind, while it retains a certain pulling charm, must continue to be a matter of amazement to all who have ever really enjoyed the confidence of Catholic young women. Merely in passing, have the Pollyanna optimists any idea of what high-school girls talk about? Once, at the end of a high-school retreat, a very splendid and devout Senior began to ask a question, but she stumbled over it, and finally decided to ask the question privately. She did; and the retreat-master, as he flushed slightly, understood why this earnest, good girl had bumbled over the public statement of a little-known fact that occasionally falls under the attention of the doctor or moral theologian. Yet that same matter had been seriously discussed by a group of girls before it had been submitted as a question.

However, even this innocent sophistication does not represent the characteristic which is now in question as existent among Catholic girl. The immediate point is that in every group of Catholic girls, particularly among high-school Juniors and Seniors and rather notably among Catholic college women, there are a number who habitually, absolutely and formally reject the counsel and influence of their elders, particularly in the religious sphere. It is not necessary to suggest that there are many such hardened girls in any Catholic high school. They may be, and generally are, few in number. But such girls are woefully influential. They are dangerous, and they are frequently incorrigible.

The sophisticate is usually a rather tolerable student, if not actually a superior one. She is quick and sharp and exceedingly knowing. In fact, one of the fundamental difficulties of this very knowing young lady is that she does have a little knowledge. How quickly the young become intoxicated, whether

Naturally, it could hardly be expected that people—even hard-working parents—who grew up in such a retarded world would not be able to understand the world of today. Mother and Dad mean well, poor things; but what can you expect?

Then there are the Sisters. Of course, everybody knows that the poor nuns are just something out of the Middle Ages. They surely never could have been normal girls when they were in school; can you imagine Sister Headmistress at a prom, or Mother Superior doing a fast Australian crawl? And they lead such cheated, starved lives! They never go anywhere or do anything or see anybody, so it's no wonder they treat girls like babies and make the most insane regulations in their schools. Why, the nuns still think there should be chaperons at a dance, so that shows you just how completely out-of-date they are! In fact, it's hard to be patient with the Sisters at times, even though you feel sorry for them, because they watch you and keep picking

The Grail
St. Meinrad, Indiana
Dear Father:

I have just finished the book "Those Terrible Teens" and I thought I would like to write to you and tell you what I thought of it.

I enjoyed it from beginning to end. I found many things to laugh at but even as I was laughing I felt I was learning many things that will help me now that I am a "Teen." I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade of the Academy of the Holy Names, Albany, New York.

I am going to suggest to some of my friends that they read it.

I am sure that if we follow the advice that you give us we will be the kind of girls who make our parents proud of us and will be a real credit to our Church and homes. My mother read it too and she also feels it is excellent. We will be looking forward to anything you may write in the future.

With every good wish and a prayer for your success in your work, I remain

Sincerely and gratefully

Jane Gaffney

with wine or money or affection or knowledge! At seventeen, this girl no longer believes that babies are brought by storks, so the whole world of reproductive biology lies open, now, before her unterrified eyes. She has verified the meaning of some words which she overheard in a crowded subway car or a powder room, and now her ears can no longer be shocked. She has been told to think for herself, and now she does nothing else, and even goes on to think for her companions, her elders and everybody else. In a word, little Miss Sophisticate is seventeen, and she is so very clever!

It follows, of course, that in a person so highly developed the flaws and ridiculous shortcomings of elders will be painfully apparent. Mother and father are sweet, of course, but they are so hopelessly behind the times. It must have been a silly sort of world, that in which present-day parents grew up. Why, just look at the things they wore: there were no dungarees, shoes concealed the feet, hats covered the head, women wore huge bathing-suits, and nice girls were expected home at eleven p.m.!

on you and they never leave you alone.

All this may sound trivial and laughable. Unfortunately, it is neither. The young sophisticate cultivates this revolting trait: she is hypercritical of all those grand, sweeping, ennobling influences to which she owes absolutely everything. She is critical of parents and teachers and school and priests and, perhaps, of Holy Mother Church herself. And this young lady's criticism is not constructive, but wholly destructive, it is never respectful, but always derisive. It is to be feared that she and her friends sometimes enjoy a superior laugh at the expense of very holy things.

How is it, now, that such a girl as this is suffered to enjoy the privilege of Catholic education? Why is she not eliminated from a milieu which she so little becomes and which is so powerless to help her? The answer to this question reveals one of the most unappetizing and dangerous traits of the sophisticated girl. In the modern jargon, the sophisticate in the Catholic high school and college goes underground. She learns early to "lie low."

Wherever and whenever this girl is apt to be either officially observed or unofficially quoted, she is most guarded in the expression of her opinions. Only to a select few kindred or admiring spirits is she open and clear. But with them she is most clear, most open and most dangerous. Could this be the reason why, in a Catholic high-school Senior class, there is sometimes a close little knot of girls who are officially above reproach, but who are remote and mysterious and a source of vague uneasiness to the good Sisters?

At this point (and in what precise connection the reader must judge) it occurs to the writer to wonder about the relationship between worldly sophistication and the Sacrament of Penance. The subject is a delicate one, for it is strictly contrary to the wishes of Holy Mother Church that anyone should be hounded into approaching the Sacraments. Yet, may we ask this mild question, please? Is the Sacrament of Penance a favorite devotion of sophisticated people?

The most baffling as well as the most irritating aspect of the young sophisticate is her conviction that she knows better than anyone else. No doubt reverence for older people, simply because they are older, is one of the fine old virtues that are largely casualties in the contemporary world. Yet, would you not think that an untrained intelligence would incline to trust a trained mind, if only as the sick man inclines to trust the doctor? Would you not expect that a young person of restricted experience would suffer herself to be guided by an experience of human affairs which is some two decades older than her own and incalculably wider and richer? In the plainest terms, would you not presume that a Catholic high-school girl would be deeply and trustfully obedient to parent and Sister and priest? Yet the young sophisticate will have none of all this. She is seventeen; her mind will enlighten her. She is seventeen; her experience will be her guide for the future. She is seventeen; she will run her own life, thank you. She is seventeen—and she is a fool.

It must be obvious, even to the young and tender, that there are two ways, and only two ways, of learning anything in this world. I can learn something by believing it when it is told me by competent authority. Or, I can learn something by putting it personally to the proof. The second method may be the more satisfying, especially to enterprising spirits; but it is not always satisfactory. A child may learn that fire burns by listening to its mother. It may also learn that fire burns by thrusting its hand into the stove. The latter method may be the more convincing, indeed, but it is open to several objections. The method is highly painful; it leaves a scar; and it may be completely disastrous.

The sophisticated girl rejects the first method of learning: she will not learn from competent authority. Therefore, only one way of learning her way through

life remains for this girl. She will learn by the method of personal trial and error, and chiefly the method of error. Let the young sophisticate remember that this mode of learning is painful in the extreme; let her not cry out for sympathy in her bitter anguish. Let this girl bear in mind that her chosen way of learning is apt to leave a scar; let her not shrink from the spectacle of her own scarred life. Finally, let this girl who "cannot be told" at least not forget that her manner of learning lessons is the tragic way; and let her make ready for tragedy.

The true pity and deep menace of the sophisticated girl is not that she ruins her own life, for that is only necessary and just. But among gullible young girls the sophisticate is singularly influential, and her influence is all evil. Young women (and all the rest of us, too) are tormented by such a powerful itch to **know**; and the knowing girl seems to have all the answers. This was precisely the temptation which succeeded with the first woman: the tempter promised that she would **know**. Satan, you see, was the first to pretend that he had all the answers.

"All the answers." That modern idiom is a rather stupendous phrase, isn't it? Now compare it with this word: "seventeen."

See how they go together?



We furnish three boxes of crayons with this pattern for the nursery.

THE COLOR WASHES OFF

HAROLD GLUCK, Ph.D.

WE were driving in the public taxi from Miami to Miami Beach. There was room for just one more passenger. At the corner there were two men waiting, one dark and one a few shades lighter. The driver continued on his course for those two men would have to wait for the "colored" cab, when and if it arrived. A hundred feet on our way, he jammed on his brakes and a half audible "Oh" escaped his lips. He just had realized that the naval rank of the dark man meant he was white. So he threw his gear into reverse, backed up to the corner, and with a deep apology said, "Sorry, sir," and he opened the door for our last passenger. It was evident that the officer understood the mistake caused by his sunburned skin, and nothing was said about the matter. Yet I wonder what must have passed through the mind of the other man standing on the corner. Perhaps he might have been saying to himself, "What a fantastic world this is. People come down here with white skins to loll on the beach and become dark. And yet when they see a dark skin, created by the Lord, they hate it." I can definitely tell you the thought that passed through my mind. "And these people dare to call themselves Christians! They have the effrontery to worship Jesus Christ, the God-Man. Why, don't they know that Jesus was born in that portion of the world where skins are not pure white. Don't they know that the son of God in his mortal aspects was not an Aryan, he was not pure lily white."

Various people in the Southland have tried to give me an explanation of the so called conventional attitude of that part of the country towards the colored man. "Why sakes alive," said one man, "If we just gave them an inch, they'd shove

us right off the land." "It's for their own good," said another, "they want to live their own lives in their own way without our interference." "Come now," argued a third, "you must be blind if you can't see they are just a little higher than the ape. If they ever burst loose, there would be bloodshed." "You mean sit next to a stinking nigger, after he has finished a day's work. You must be crazy. We have to protect our women folks or the city wouldn't be safe after dark."

It was a Catholic woman, living in the South, who to my way of thinking made one of the best analyses on the subject." There really is no colored problem at all. It is a problem of white people who haven't as yet found out how to live as human beings with other peoples. I am willing to face the fact that the skin of the majority of people on this earth is not white. Men down here have had colored mistresses so when they get horrified about inter-marriage, the hypocrisy hits a new low. And many of my friends were raised by colored nurses, so it does seem a bit foolish when they say white and colored can't be side by side. And how conveniently color blind they can be, when the situation arises. I know boys who have come home with gorgeous looking brides. Yes, their skin was off color, but the mind made it white. And what do you think we do when important personages come from Latin America, with their mixtures of white, Indian, colored, and the Lord know's what else in their blood? We make them white and fight among ourselves as to who is going to entertain them. Year in and year out, thousands of colored people look at themselves in the mirror, decide they are white enough and cross the color line. For the love of me, I can't figure out how

we can be brazen enough to talk about democracy, when we have millions of people whom we force into a sort of second rate citizens. My grandfather fought for the Confederacy but before he died he made an observation that should be broadcasted over the entire South. 'If they haven't a separate Heaven for the niggers, then why should we dare do what the good Lord himself won't do, segregate them?' As a Catholic and an American, I have no choice but to accept the fact that all people have the same intrinsic worth and value, whatever their color be."

The fact that color in and of itself has nothing to do with the color problem of the South is slowly but certainly sinking into the brain processes of many people. I recently had the opportunity to talk to Mrs. Enid Route, wife of the Rev. Jesse W. Route, a negro clergyman who is pastor of the Holy Trinity Lutheran Church in Jamaica, New York. On his last visit to Mobile in 1943 he was "insulted, and pushed around." This time, when he went down to Alabama to fulfill several engagements as a singer and pianist and to lecture at a Negro church, he decided to find out whether it was—or was not—the color of the skin that created prejudice. He obtained a turban from a New York costumer which he donned and began speaking his English with an accent that was slightly Swedish a few minutes before he stepped aboard a white passenger car of a segregated train in Washington. Was he asked to leave? Certainly not. People thought he was some very important noble. He ate, according to his statements, at train dining car tables allotted to white passengers and also in restaurants in Mobile and in Montgomery to which no Negro had ever been admitted. He asked a

police captain this question, "If a Negro wanted to eat in a restaurant, what would happen?" To which he got the reply, "If a Negro gives any trouble we just knock him down." Everywhere he went with his turban and foreign accent, he was given the finest of courtesies. He learned the lesson, it wasn't the skin that counts, and in addition, what a lot of snobs many people are.

Several years ago, the Rev. Claude Heithaus, S.J., in addressing the student body of the Jesuit St. Louis University, which has hundreds of Negro students, made this powerful statement, "Ignorance is the school of race prejudice, and provincialism is its tutor. Its memory is stuffed with lies and its mind is warped by emotionalism. Pride is its book and snobbery is its pen. It blinds the intellect and it hardens the heart. Its wisdom is wonderful and fearful, for it never learns what is true, and it never forgets what is false." I feel these words should be in every home in the south that dares to lower the dignity of the human being by trying to draw the color line.

When Southerners tell me they are "advanced" and realize that the time has come to admit something must be done about the color problem and the hope lies in Education, I, in an unsightly manner, laugh right out loud. Just who are they trying to fool? There is no mystical power in education. Everything, whether it be in the school, in our environment, the papers we read, the pictures we see, the radio programs we hear, the sermons preached in church, the words spoken at home, all these in the broadest sense of the word tend to educate a person. In the narrow sense of the word, education is a means by which those in charge of our schools put certain ideas, emotional reactions, skills, and techniques into our young. A child's attitudes stems largely from observation of the adults in the world around him. The very young child doesn't hate anyone. As he grows up, however, he may learn from prejudiced sources that there are some groups that are to be distrusted, others frowned upon, and still others

ignored. Anxious for approval, he conforms to the pattern of his own group and, as he accepts its standards, he also accepts its prejudices. Thus prejudices are perpetuated; unchallenged they become part of the behavior pattern of each generation. It is not true that prejudice is the result of ignorance alone. There are many well-educated persons—witness our leading personalities in the south—who have deep-seated prejudices in regard to colored people. Truth, facts, scientific evidence, all these are necessary if we are to eliminate prejudice and are certainly essential if we are to build desirable attitudes; but they are not enough. Prejudice is rooted in the emotions. Intellectual analysis alone cannot root it out. Educators must plan meaningful situations and experiences to effect an emotional change in the attitude of the children in their care. And no matter what they say in the South about the power of education, this terrible brutal fact remains obvious—so long as you have segregated schools, so long as you prevent the white and colored children from mingling together on a plane of equality, such talk is just a farce, and I again repeat, I laugh out loud!

However, if there be any southern educator who has enough courage to want to try education as a means of solving the colored "problem" here is something very simple that can be done. Sister David Mary,

teacher of social science, Holy Names of Jesus and Mary Sacred Heart Academy, Salem, Oregon worked out an approach to race relationships and the objects listed under ethical and religious approach should just be placed on a blackboard by a teacher and taught to a group of white and colored children. Here they are:

1. To show the solidarity of the human race because of a common Creator and Father.
2. To show that this Creator endowed man with equal rights to help them attain a common destiny.
3. To show that man has not only a natural unity because of his common origin and destiny, but also a supernatural unity because of the supernatural bond, the Mystical Body of Christ.
4. To apply the principles stated above to the daily life of the students by means of suggested activities.

As for the religious leader down South who would dare to open his mouth and preach the equality of colored and white people, he just won't last very long. The Rev. Joseph A. Rabun, former Navy chaplain who opposed a "white supremacy" bill sponsored by Herman Talmadge during the Governorship dispute in Georgia, was asked to resign as pastor of the McRae Baptist Church. To be exact, the congrega-



What Do I want to Be When I Grow Up? Are You Kidding?

What Does DEMOCRACY Mean...



HEALTH has been called a negative gift to mankind because most people only begin to understand how important health is when they are ill. When the stomach begins to rebel against constant misuse, then, only after consultation with an accredited physician, does the patient begin to go on a sensible diet; when poor lighting and excessive eye strain produce eye trouble, the average man or woman only then becomes in-

terested in the use of eyeglasses and correct lighting at home. Preventative medicine with its definite goal of keeping us healthy and sound in a physical sense, is still in its infancy.

And in a similar manner, preventative thinking is yet for most of us in an infantile stage of development. The story about locking the door of the barn after the horse is stolen, is to the point. In the physical realm, mankind is slow-

ly learning that certain precautions must be taken, certain actions followed through—and constantly—if a desired course of action is to be attained. Clearly we see that fire-doors are necessary in certain types of buildings just as we know why ferry boats must carry life preservers.

But when will we learn in the moral realm, we must take the same kind of actions, and the price is eternal vigilance if mankind is not

tion voted 67 to 35 to oust him. After the Rev. Rabun attacked the "supremacy" bill in a Senate committee session, Herman Talmadge and some other members of the congregation changed their church membership. As for the legal lights of the South, who should know something about our constitution, it is wonderful the way in which they become conveniently "blind" as the civil rights of colored people are flouted. Recently the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People released a document prepared for the United Nations, charging discrimination against Negroes in the United States. And therein is the great paradox of many Americans. We talk much about what has to be done to preserve the flame of democracy abroad as we worry deeply over the advances made by Russian Commu-

nistic Totalitarianism. Yet right here we flout the fundamental principles of democracy in creating a second rate group of citizens. As Dr. Dubois has ably worded it, "In other words our complaint is mainly against a discrimination based mainly on color of skin, and it is this that we denounce as not only indefensible but barbaric."

Racial and religious intolerance are increasing in this country and we must see that the scourge of bigotry is a terrible disease that can undermine the health of our whole nation's existence. Because the problem of the treatment of the colored person cries for solution, our attack is made upon this stain on our national honor. To those in the South who say, "Mind your business, we don't affect you"; the answer is, "You disenfranchise the colored man and elect representatives to Wash-

ington who make our laws. The wrong man elected in the wrong manner does affect the destiny of the country. To those in the South who say, "We are Good Americans, stop those dam foreign views about the nigger"; the answer is, "The views you maintain are foreign, that of master and slave. The American view is of the equality of all." To those in the South who say, "Give us time, and we will solve it"; the reply must come back "Since when do we give time to those who practice the breaking of our fundamental laws and the flouting of the laws of God."

We aren't going to have a better world until we have better people and man must accomplish the seemingly impossible, literally to raise himself by his own bootstraps, so that he may live in peace with his fellow-man, regardless of color, creed—or previous condition of servitude!

to be engulfed in a whirlwind of destruction? The handwriting was on the wall that the late war was on its way, but many preferred to feel that by not reading and interpreting the signs, they could avoid the logical consequences.

We are now on the threshold of a new world. And yet, in one sense, it is an old world, a path from which we turned, the world that once was of moral responsibility. We again have the opportunity to participate in a world of such creation. But it is necessary that we do clear thinking this time—and of a preventative nature. There is a hope in the hearts of millions and it is expressed by one word, Democracy. But the word itself has a variety of meanings and only one true meaning. In order that we may hope for a lasting peace, we must separate the chaff from the wheat, the image from the reality, the lie from the truth.

The peoples of this world have suffered bitterly and cruelly from the savageries of the war. In biting words, His Holiness Pope Pius XII denounced this situation, "There are so many silent witnesses to denounce this blot on the story of mankind which, deliberately blind to the brilliance of Him Who is the Splendor and Light of the Father, deliberately straying from Christ, has descended and fallen into chaos and into the denial of its own dignity." And as a result of this condition, people have begun to question. Aptly, the Holy Father continues, "Moreover—and this is perhaps the most important point—beneath the sinister lightning of the war that encompasses them, in the blazing heat of the furnace that imprisons them, the peoples have, as it were, awakened from long torpor. They have assumed in relation to the state and those who govern, a new attitude—one that questions, criticizes, distrusts."

People are calling for democracy and more democracy. Two questions must herein be answered, and correctly. What characteristics should distinguish the men who live under democracy and a democratic regime?

And, what characteristics should distinguish the men who hold the reigns of government in a democracy?

First, people must be conscious that they are individuals, each with rights and obligations. Never again, must they permit themselves to be welded into that shapeless multitude we often designate as "the masses," to be swayed by silver tongued orators who offer a pottage of death and destruction under the name of Conquest. Each person is a creature of God, moulded in his image, with inviolable duties and rights. There must be not only a recognition—but choices made in view of that recognition, that there is a higher order—the Moral law of God—and our actions as human beings are to be



"Can't you even forget business while we take in a movie?"

taken so that we live as *moral beings*. The final end of man is his union with God his Creator. This is the goal which man in a democratic state must constantly see. It follows, like night follows day, that the democratic personality must by its own essence be also a religious personality. One cannot by any use of a surgeon's knife or a writer's pen, separate what really makes up one person, the unified man, the complete man. There is a fundamental dignity, value, and im-

portance of the individual in society, regardless of race, creed, color, or sex. For without exception, all are creatures of God, endowed with the same nature, destined for the same eternal end, with the right to security and happiness in time as well as in eternity. In this moral and correct view, all men are created equal. They are not created equal in physical body, in mental skills, nor in the various aptitudes which can be developed. But as possessors of souls, each has the same value as his fellowman. In a medieval sermon this concept was well expressed, "God did not create a golden Adam from which the nobles are descended, nor a silver Adam from which come the rich, and another a clay Adam, from which are the poor, but all, nobles, rich and poor, have one common father, made out of the dust of the earth." Many a Catholic leader has pointed out that our heritage of Democracy as found in the Declaration of Independence is in a way a statement of the natural law. Father Bouscaren has clearly analyzed this American Document with his penetrating words, "Our Declaration of Independence is more than a political document; it is in its way a statement of natural religion. It will always be revered because it will always be true—Justice—natural justice, based on the justice and the law of God; and Rights—natural rights, based on the will of God that men should be free to attain their destiny by a practical recognition of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men—these are the backbone of all order, of all liberty, of all government." And Father Timothy J. Mulvey has likewise pointed out, "Whether we like to admit it or not, we as a Nation have been pledged to a philosophy of law. It is a philosophy which declares the inviolable sanctity of the natural law. It is a philosophy, therefore, which is based on certain immutable truths; for when the Founding Fathers declared: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident...' they had committed themselves irrevocably to a metaphysics of conduct above and beyond philosophical dispute. And they were willing to commit them-

selves because they were wise enough to recognize the natural law as the immediate expression of God's law in man." The Honorable Judge Clare Gerald Fenerty has gone back through the pages of history to show the link between Catholic thought and our principles of Democracy. "The principles upon which this nation is founded are those which the Catholic Church introduced to the world and inculcated as the basis of civil righteousness and social stability. The cardinal American virtue of the equality of man with man was not born in the American Revolution, though it was then given most beautiful and eloquent expression. It is a teaching of the Catholic Church that has come down to us from at least the Third Century, enunciated by St. John Chrysostom in Constantinople, beside the throne and in the jurisdiction of the most despotic of emperors. Like some golden thread, it weaves its way through the radiant tapestry of the ages. We find it in the Fourth Century in the preaching of Lactantius. We hear Pope Zachary, in the Seventh century, denouncing the tyranny of taxation without representation. We see it in the days of Charlemagne and of Gregory the Great. We perceive it in the luminous Thirteenth Century on the inspired tongue of St. Thomas Aquinas. Again do we come upon it in its most glorious expression in the Fifteenth Century by St. Robert Bellarmine, followed in the Sixteenth by his brother Jesuit, Francis Suarez. Not only was Thomas Jefferson acquainted with St. Robert Bellarmine's popular doctrine of popular sovereignty, but he drew from the great Jesuit Saint in many instances the identical words which he later wrote into the immortal Declaration of American Independence."

Mr. Raoul E. Desvernine, prominent Catholic layman, has clearly shown that we must restore morals to the historic sanction and basis that underlies our Western civilization with his penetrating thought that "When men and nations cease to recognize any accountability other than themselves they are disciplined

only by the compulsions of force. Our common point of reference is lost. The human family loses its common parenthood. Disunity gives rise to conflict between individuals, groups, classes, races, and nations. This conflict causes hate and hate results in violence and violence becomes a cult. It is the great tragedy that we face—a tragedy of our own making. Hate springs from the negation of the unity of man's moral life; it is the corruption of human nature."

This applies directly to those who reign in the government and their moral duties. In the play, "A Bell For Adano," there is an inspiring scene in which Major Victor Joppolo explains democracy to the officials of Adano. "The men of the Government are no longer the masters of the people... Just remember that you are now the servants—not the rulers. And you may find that this thing will make you happier than you have ever been in your life."

True, these "servants" direct and order, but only in terms of the moral law. Never must these leaders be permitted to indulge in the form of paganism in which people are created for a state; in which the state is absolute; and in which the worship of God is relegated to the position of being a hindrance to the selfish plans of the rulers. The dignity of man is the dignity of the moral community willed by God, and the dignity of political authority is the dignity deriving from its sharing in the authority of God. St. Augustine clearly pointed out centuries ago that "since all men are created equal the right for man to command men cannot come except from outside humanity."

We the people, put in a democratic state peoples in offices of trust. That we may have the proper people in these offices, we should always bear in mind the criterion laid down by His Holiness Pope Pius XII, "Only a clear appreciation of the purpose assigned by God to every human society, joined to a deep sense of the exalted duties of social activity, can put those in power in a

position to fulfil their own obligations in the legislative, judicial and executive order with that objectivity, impartiality, loyalty, generosity and integrity without which a democratic government would find it hard to command the respect and support of the better section of the people."

Father Brendan Larnen has some very clear words which show the weak point in a democracy. "We are inclined to ignore our responsibility in government. We expect everyone to do his duty toward us, but we rarely exert ourselves to do our duty toward others regarding government." I am willing to go so far as to state that Democracy cannot be successful unless people can distinguish which is true from what is false; what is good or bad for the common good in a community; how to govern and control themselves; how to demand an accounting from their representatives and hold them responsive to their needs; how to use the resources of their country for its best welfare; and how to develop into human beings who understand and appreciate human values and walk with humility in the sight of God.

Times like these may easily cause the impression that truth and Christ's virtues may have lost their value and beneficent influence over souls. Certainly every thoughtful person sees and recognizes the gravity of present religious conditions. But let us not be deceived by what may look like decadence. There are millions of souls awaiting anxiously the morrow with its promise of decency and moral consciousness. Father Joseph A. Daly has sensed this with these inspiring words, "When the half-gods go, when gold idols crash to earth, when out of the great anguish of the human spirit there soars to the far heavens an agonized cry for love and understanding, then at last we come to God."

To those people, there is a message of courage from the lips of Jesus, "Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest."

Mary
Fabryan



Windeatt's

Song in South

ILLUSTRATOR...
**GEDGE
HARMON**

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THE SONG



NATURALLY there was great consternation in the friary at the news that suddenly and unexpectedly Father Francis had collapsed, and that his pulse was very weak. Priests and lay Brothers, novices and Tertiary helpers, were beside themselves at the thought that death might come for their good friend at any moment. But the Father Guardian, believing that somehow he had failed in his duty toward Father Francis, took the news harder than anyone.

"I don't understand it!" he kept saying over and over again. "Father Francis seemed to be in good health... he never complained of pain... he never asked to be excused from any duties..."

Peter Rodriguez and Martin Sanchez, Lima's outstanding doctors, nodded sympathetically. "It's not your fault, Father Guardian. Undoubtedly the good man was ailing for weeks, but he never let you know because he wanted to keep on working for souls."

"But... but this is dreadful! He shouldn't have been out preaching every day... walking miles and miles... hearing Confessions at all hours..."

"No, Father Guardian."

"If I had understood how things really were, I'd have made him rest..."

"Of course you would. But you mustn't worry about that now, or you'll be sick yourself. Just remember this: we're going to do everything that we can to help Father Francis. *Everything!*"

"How... how long do you give him to live?"

"About a week. His heart is too worn out to last any longer."

Another opinion came from the infirmary, however. In a voice that was scarcely above a whisper, yet filled with joy for all that, Francis declared that the doctors were quite mistaken. He would live much longer than a week. In fact, God would not call him for two months—until July 14, the Feast of Saint Bonaventure.

"The Heavenly Father is so good!" he told Brother John Gomez with a smile. "He's letting me be a missionary for a little while longer."

"A missionary, Father?" whispered the latter brokenly.

"Yes. I won't be preaching during these next two months, but I'll be suffering. And I've always found that that's the best way to win souls for heaven."

Poor Brother John! How his heart ached at these words, for suddenly he felt himself miles

apart from his beloved friend. Suffering might be the best way to win souls for heaven, but surely only a saint could see it in its true light and embrace it willingly...even with longing! Surely the average person could look upon suffering only with dread, for himself or for his loved ones...

"No, Brother John," said Francis, reading the latter's thoughts. "God will grant a love of suffering to all who ask for it. The trouble is that hardly anyone—men, women or children—ever think of praying for such a grace. And what a pity it is!"

"A pity, Father?"

"Yes. Because when a person loves suffering and knows how to offer it to the Heavenly Father for souls, fear goes out of that person's life. He is born again, as it were. Oh, my brother! If I could make just a few people understand this before I die—that when they take suffering to their hearts as a priceless gift from God—when they give up their wills and accept it freely as Christ did, for love of souls—then real joy is their to keep...always!"

Brother John hardly knew what to say. Francis's face, tired and drawn with pain as it was, actually was glowing. And his eyes...ah, how they shone! Then words did come—slowly, awkwardly.

"I've...I've always been a coward, Father. Surely you don't mean that such a person as I could learn to love suffering?"

Francis stretched out an understanding hand. "Why not? All that's necessary is to ask the Heavenly Father for this wonderful grace."

"But...but I'm not sure that I really want it!"

Despite his weakness, Francis smiled. "It's the Devil who's making you talk like this," he said. "He doesn't want one of God's choicest gifts to come your way. But don't pay any attention to him, Brother. Ask the Heavenly Father, in the Name of His Son, to give you a love of suffering so that you can do great things for souls. Ask for this priceless grace every day. Then see how much happier and more peaceful your life will become."

Even as he was considering the suggestion, Brother John suddenly realized that it was time for him to report to work in the kitchen. And that their talking together had all but exhausted his beloved friend's strength.

"Father, I've got to go now," he said contritely. "And I'm very sorry if I've tired you. But how I do thank you—for everything!"

Very slowly Francis lifted his hand in blessing. "It's all right, Brother. Come back when you can. Then we'll have another little talk about suffering."

You know, it's one of the least understood things in the world—and one of the most important!"

For the rest of the day Brother John could not get these words out of his mind. What a splendid man was Father Francis! And no wonder he had been so successful as a missionary. He was a true hero, unafraid, of any suffering, believing that it could win souls for heaven. How astonishing was his insistence that there was nothing extraordinary about this lack of fear, that God was eager to give it to anyone who asked for it—man, woman, or child?

"It must be so," Brother John told himself firmly. "Oh, suppose I do what he suggested! Suppose I ask the Heavenly Father for a love of suffering, so that I can be of use to others, too!"

Before a week had passed, Brother John was a changed man. Never had he thought to experience such peace and joy as that which now flooded his soul. The trials and troubles coming his way these days were not the disagreeable things they once had been. They caused pain, yes. They were against nature. Yet suddenly he was seeing them in their true light—opportunities sent by the Heavenly Father whereby he might merit graces for himself and for others with each passing minute.

"What a mistake people make when they don't ask God to give them a love of suffering!" he told himself. "Since life is so full of it anyway, it's much better to accept it willingly and without fear—something even a child can do with His grace. Oh, to think of all the times that I relied upon my own strength when suffering came...and then ran away from it...and of how little good the running away did me in the end!"

Brother John was not the only one to learn a valuable lesson at Francis's sickbed. As the days passed, scores of others profited from visits there, including the Viceroy and his attendants, the members of the Royal Council—even Bartholomew Lobo Guerrero, successor to Turibius as Archbishop of Lima. Indeed, it soon became evident that the New World's most famous missionary was bent on using his last remaining strength in God's service. At the age of forty, and at the height of his powers, he had come to America to preach the True Faith to the Indians of Tucumán. Now, twenty-one years later, sick and dying to his fellow-countrymen in Peru...

"Just to look at Father Francis is worth any number of sermons," declared the Viceroy humbly. "What love of God is in his eyes! What joy! Oh, when I think of all the mornings he permitted me to serve his Mass..."

"Certainly there's no one like him," admitted the Viceroy's son. "Why whenever he gives me his blessing, I can really feel God's grace pouring down upon me."

As the chilly days of June gave place to the equally chilly days of July, it seemed that no one in Lima could talk of anything save Father Francis Solano, his accomplishments and approaching death. What wonderful things he had done for souls since coming to America! And how rightly was he called "The Apostle of Tucumán" because of his eleven years of work among the Indians in this section of northern Argentina.

"When he had his headquarters at the friary in Talavera, he must have made hundreds of trips into the jungle in quest of souls," one person told another in awed tones. "Even into the Gran Chaco."

"That's right. And there's no more dangerous country in the whole continent than that of the Gran Chaco."

"I know. Some people call it 'The Green Hell.' But Father Francis was never a man to be stopped by danger. He went there several times."



"My little friends!" whispered Francis, smiling faintly at the birds.

"Yes, as far as the Paraná and Paraguay rivers, and even beyond. But I think he deserves another title besides that of 'The Apostle of Tucumán.'"

"What?"

"Why, 'The Apostle of Peru.' After all, look what he's done for souls here."

It was true. During the last eight years, Francis had accomplished an enormous amount of good in Trujillo and Lima by his preaching and spiritual direction. Now that he was dying, there was sorrow in both cities but particularly in Lima.

"To think that never again will I hear the good man playing on his violin!" sobbed an old woman whom Francis had been accustomed to visit from time to time. "It... it just doesn't seem possible!"

Her little grandson did not understand such a statement. Or the tears. "Father Francis will tell some more of his wonderful stories the next time he comes, Grandmother. Truly he will. Then you'll feel much better."

The old woman caught the boy to her heart. "Bless you!" she murmured. "You're too young to understand what a sad day is in store for all of us."

But at the Friary of San Francisco, made as comfortable as possible by Brother John Gomez. (The Father Infirmarian's new assistant) Francis had no fears about his approaching death. Indeed, he awaited the Feast of Saint Bonaventure with childlike eagerness.

"Heaven!" he whispered over and over again. "To see God face to face! To know Him as he really is! To be with the saints and angels! To be perfect ourselves! Oh, Brother John... are there any words in the whole world to describe how wonderful it must be?"

The latter, wincing at the very thought of being separated from his beloved friend, shook his head. "No, Father," he whispered. "There... there aren't any words."

Francis could not help catching the sorrow in Brother John's voice—as well as the light in his eyes which showed that he was doing his best to bear it for love of souls—and for a moment he gazed tenderly upon him. In many ways, he reflected, Brother John was like another friend of his, dead these many years. Yes, Brother John was as gallant a figure as Father Bonaventure, the young priest who, during the plague in Montoro, had turned his cowardice into strength by giving himself completely to the Will of the Heavenly Father.

But then his thoughts faded away, and he closed his eyes wearily. Brother John leaned forward anxiously. "Father! You're all right? You're... you're not..."

There was a dreadful interval of silence. Then slowly Francis stretched out a reassuring hand. "No, I'm not dying yet, Brother. But I want you to listen carefully. I've a message for you... a message that I want you to give to as many souls as you can... when I've gone from you."

Brother John choked back a great sob. "What... what is it, Father?"

"Just this. I've always loved music. Even as a boy, some of my happiest hours were spent in singing and playing the violin. Many of the times I made up the melodies myself, simple little things... some gay, some sad..."

"Yes, Father. I've often heard your songs."

"But now I know that just one song is worthwhile, Brother. Just one song on earth can even begin to compare with the beautiful songs of heaven."

There was silence in the little room as Brother John gazed at Francis in astonishment. Surely this couldn't be the message he was to give to others! Why, what did it mean? *One song*? Yet even as he tried to understand, Francis nodded slowly.

"Yes, Brother, that's right. One song. And anyone can learn to sing it, just as you have done."

"I, Father?"

"Yes. Oh, surely you understand what I mean?"

And then suddenly all was quite clear. The song was the song of joy—the song that comes naturally to every soul which has given itself to the Heavenly Father to do with as He wills and so no longer fears suffering. Since early boyhood Francis had understood about this song. Its heartening melody had been with him through years of trial and hardship. Now, having taught it to Brother John, he wished that he should tell others about it, should help them to realize its wonderful power to make every life, no matter how drab, into a thing of beauty.

"You will tell people about the song, Brother? You see, can't do it myself any more..."

Brother John brushed away a tear. "Of course I'll tell them, Father! But please say you'll be with us for a long time yet! Oh, much longer than the Feast of Saint Bonaventure!"

Francis shook his head. "No, Brother. That will be my last day on earth."

Early in the morning of July 14 it was evident that Francis's strength was all but gone. Two days before, he had received the Last Sacraments. Since then, small groups of anxious men and women had formed the habit of gathering about the friary from time to time in order to obtain word of their beloved friend's condition. Now, however, the little

groups had suddenly turned into an immense and sorrowing throng that lined the street for blocks and could not be dispersed.

"Please pray for me when you go to heaven, Father!" sobbed a woman's voice.

"Yes, and give me good health, Father!" cried her husband.

"My boy! Keep my boy from harm and send him back to me!" implored an old woman tearfully.

"Please, Father Francis!"

"Help me to save my soul!" begged still another voice.

Within the friary itself, however, there was a more tranquil atmosphere. Priests and Brothers came and went in noiseless procession from the Infirmary, carrying rosaries and medals which they had reverently touched to Francis's body during their brief farewell visits at his bedside. Nor did anyone seem surprised that just outside the Infirmary window dozens of small brown birds should be fluttering about, twittering and chirping as though it were a springtime feast day and not a chill winter morning when Lima was about to lose one of her greatest citizens.

"My little friends!" whispered Francis, smiling faintly at the birds. "Oh, my brothers! If we could just praise God as faithfully as these tiny creatures do..."

As the hours passed, a group of priests and Brothers gathered about Francis's bed to recite a variety of psalms and hymns. The voices rose and fell in peaceful rhythm, and several times it seemed that the dying man had drifted into sleep. But towards eleven o'clock, he roused himself.

"Father Guardian," he murmured. "I'd like..."

At once the Father Guardian arose from his knees. "Yes, my son? What would you like?"

"To hear the Creed once more..."

Immediately everyone present began to recite the Apostles' Creed, that ancient prayer which contains all the Articles of Faith, and which Francis had taught to so many thousands of Indians.

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and earth..."

But as these words were reached, "*Who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary,*" Francis suddenly flung wide both arms in the form of a cross. His face was radiant, glowing, not at all like that of a dying man.

"Glory be to God!" he cried triumphantly.

Quickly Brother John Gomez arose from his knees. A saint had just finished his song. Now it was time to teach the wonderful melody to others.

THE END

A Layman Looks at Life

WILLIAM T. MARTIN

What is This Thing Called "Grace"?

TO the lay mind, the meaning of the word *grace* has very often taken on the semblance of a sort of mystical allurements, or of a catchword used by the clergy in their effort to instill in the minds and hearts of the members of their flocks an extraordinary degree of blind fervor in things spiritual; a will-o'-the-wisp of the true doctrine, a vague, though necessary, spur to higher perfection.

Regardless of our various ideas concerning the real implication of this very obscure word, when one takes the time to analyze its true import, it becomes at once the most efficacious and the most romantic, the most practical and the most worthwhile key to our eternal salvation.

To begin with, grace is a gift—a Divine Gift. All gifts, whether from God or man, are accorded us in recognition of a proper disposition on our part; that is, by some demonstration of good will toward our heavenly Father or toward our neighbor. In order to merit this thing called "grace," we must first have shown by our attitude or by our actions that we are motivated by some noble thought or deed. Grace comes from Almighty God in payment for these initial investments on our part. For instance, when we deposit a certain amount of money in a bank, we do, after a certain length of time, receive *interest* on our investment. If we invest our savings in a business enterprise, we are in due time awarded dividends when gains have been made in that business. The more we invest, the more we earn in dividends until a safe income is assured. So it is with the grace of God; only the investment here is *prayers* and *good works*. Furthermore, if we are fortunate enough to be working for a firm that pays a yearly "bonus," we may consider that bonus as something *extra* with which to finance our daily cost of living, or as something with which we can purchase some little thing that we have always desired, but for which we seemed never to have the necessary money to buy. Naturally, a bonus is added compensation accorded us by our employer in recognition of an undue effort by us to "step up" his business, and to assist him in his program of expansion. We

can, therefore, compare this extra effort in our mundane lives with so many prayers offered to Almighty God for favors which we deem necessary to enhance our spirituality and to gain for us blessings in our earthly struggle.

Very often grace is an investment on the part of our Creator in our behalf; because He, the Omnipotent One, can foresee to what salutary use we shall put it in the future. He gives us a "lift" beforehand because He knows what good shall ultimately come of it through our mortal hands. In short, He manifests His supreme confidence in us as a result of His previous knowledge of how we shall use His grace. Hence, grace is a very practical, though intangible, medium by which our Heavenly Father helps us to save our souls—and the saving of one's soul is the most important duty in anyone's life!

How does grace influence our daily lives? Well, for instance, grace is that little "nudge" to our conscience which keeps us away from undesirable company; it is that spark which enkindles our fortitude when we are faced with extreme temptation; it is that unexplainable, prompt decision which saves us from choosing the wrong course in our daily lives. Have you ever experienced the feeling of sudden circumspection when your wits seemed to have "gone to sleep," so to speak? when you have been jarred into a timely realization of danger? I'll wager that you have many times said something like this to yourself: "I cannot account for it, but I might have stepped in the path of that automobile, had not some 'little voice' within me told me to halt just in time!" Then again, how can we account for the fact that in a train wreck, of two persons sitting in the same seat, one is killed outright and the other is uninjured? God's *grace* did that! What is the strange urge that comes to the young man and the young woman who steadfastly direct their steps to the seminary and to the convent respectively, flatly rejecting the world—and the little it has to offer—to enter a life of gallant service to Almighty God? This is the Grace of God, my friend. Incidentally, the Divine Grace which God lavishes on the parents who give up their children to the religious life,

cannot be evaluated by writing or by word-of-mouth. This special grace is in a "class by itself," to use a common expression. It is a peculiar, heavenly balm, administered by Almighty God Himself, which more than heals the temporary pang of separation. Sometime I shall write an article, telling you just what reactions and what special blessings come to those who have given up their children to the religious life—God has called a son and a daughter from our own home.

Returning again to the surprising power of grace: Occasionally we hear of a derelict being picked up in some deserted warehouse, sick and nearly frozen to death—a piece of human flotsam having drifted about aimlessly on the sea of life. He is carted to a hospital ward. No one knows him. A Catholic chaplain makes his way toward the unfortunate one's cot. The patient is still unconscious. The priest keeps him in mind; for, after all, a soul is a soul! A little later, a nurse reports to the priest that the patient is now awake but bewildered and uncommunicative. The chaplain enters the ward, draws a screen beside the bed, and in a short time one more precious soul is salvaged for God "just in time;" for the following day the erstwhile bum meets his Creator. You say that this wayward fellow was *lucky*? He surely was! But for the grace of God he might never have been found till after he had succumbed to exposure. The necessary grace was accorded him, perhaps, because in his earlier life he had done some great good in the sight of God; perhaps his good departed mother had made many sacrifices and prayed constantly for his welfare. All these good works God had placed in His treasury, and were now "paying dividends."

While God, in His goodness, showers special graces on religious vocations, He is also extremely generous in His bestowal of rare graces on the young couple who kneel in the sanctuary, before the very altar of Christ, and solemnly profess their vows as husband and wife. Consider the privilege of making these vows, with our Blessed Saviour Himself as the principal Witness; and what choice blessings shall come to the young couple if only they will henceforth spend their lives *for* God, and *with* God! The priest does, during the Nuptial Mass, pause several times while celebrating it, to plead especially for the two young persons before him, that God may show them the true path to happiness here and hereafter; that He will instill in them the necessary fortitude to live a holy life in the midst of a corrupt world. Simultaneously with the prayers of the priest, a shower of graces comes from the hand of God and settles

on the shoulders of the newly-wedded couple like a golden armor—a mantle of protection which is sufficient to shield them from all subsequent attacks of Satan; which strengthens them in times of trial; which aids them in keeping alive the fire of Faith while living in a world seething with unrest, with wanton infidelity and a dearth of righteousness. The sacred graces you receive on the day of your wedding, my young friend, are worth a million times more than all the splendid material gifts tendered you. The material gifts will some day wear out or deteriorate—the graces, never! They will be at hand for you to use throughout your mortal life; even until your last breathing moment when the Master beckons you to come to your eternal reward.

Alas, there is a way in which we can lose the grace of God: by hesitating to use it properly and promptly when our conscience tells us to. If ever one spurns these precious graces in times of trial or temptation, and preferably succumbs to sin, God "checks off" that particular gift from our account, and it will never come to us again. By sin we grow unworthy in the eyes of God, and it necessarily requires a great amount of penance on our part in order to again establish ourselves in His favor. To use an example: If a father sends Johnny to the store to purchase a quart of ice cream, and Johnny loses or squanders the money—including the extra nickel his father gave him for going on the errand—he will not be sent the next time; Jimmy or Mary will be sent, and Johnny will "be out."

Briefly summarizing this theme, let us employ more allegory: God's graces are dispensed to us very much in the manner of gasoline at filling-stations. May I say—not wishing to be facetious about it—that this is indeed a crude comparison; but it very aptly serves to clarify, I trust, the subject with which we are dealing. When one is driving on the highway, hundreds of miles from home, he is compelled to stop frequently at gas stations in order to replenish his fuel tank; otherwise he will never reach his destination. The gasoline represent the grace of God; the money he pays for it, prayers and good works. So long as the driver lays his cold cash on the counter, he will be given the gasoline; when he fails to produce any more money, he is given no more fuel. As a consequence, he will find himself helpless at the roadside. Everyone yearns to reach home ultimately, whether it be our earthly abode or the mansions of eternal bliss. It therefore behooves us all to recognize the precious grace of God when it comes to us—and to *use it!*

The Hour Grows Late

Rose H. Anderson

Illustrated by Paul A. Groul

IN the garden the Olive trees rustled and whispered amongst themselves as if not understanding the grief of young Malcolm; for nearly always had he laughed with the high winds as they swept cleanly through the silvery branches. When Hamir would dismiss his pupils, Malcolm would seek the cool stillness of Gethsemane before going on to his home. This day the high winds raced madly through the branches and young Malcolm knew it not.

He tried to recall the exact words Hamir had used: first of all, he had asked young Malcolm to remain while the other pupils filed out; then old Hamir had rustled the papers around before commencing. He had a habit of tapping one hand in the palm of the other; this he began doing.

Fear crept into the heart of the youth; his mind darted back over the days gone on into eternity to try to recapture the thoughts of any evil he had committed—but outside of teasing the miser Kapue, he could recall no deed so terrible. Downing the lump in his throat he asked: "Master, the hour grows late; what is it thou requirest of me?"

Old Hamir looked upon the youth and with compassion, he asked: "Thou lovest thy mother very much, so very much that thou wouldst not cause her more grief?"

"Oh Master, thou knowest true!"

Old Hamir paused for a moment, then he spoke: "Then thou wilt not act sorrowful around thine home even though thou knowest thy sister Sara will never walk. Thy mother has learnt that she dare not hope further. The learned doctors from the city have spoken. She does not want Sara to know, but she asked me to tell thee. Sara's days of suffering soon will be at an end—"

"No! Master, she is the only sister I have. We have so much fun playing our games, and she does not mind the pain so very much, some days it is not so bad—"

In the garden Malcolm threw himself down on the soft grass as he recalled Hamir's compassionate words:



"There is naught that we can do." The wings of night were creeping down over the garden as young Malcolm drew his coat sleeve over his eyes to wipe away the salty tears. Sara must not see, must not know that the master death was creeping in to claim her life.

Softly Malcolm closed the door behind him; in this house of sickness, no harsh sound must intrude. The soothing music of the harp brought a sudden pang to Malcolm's heart; he knew that Sara was suffering more than usual, for it was then the mother's fingers plucked the strings to bring forth the music to calm the tortured nerves of little Sara. Malcolm tiptoed to the side of the couch and Sara's voice came to him: "Thou hast kept me waiting; I could not rest; Oh, Malcolm, this day I have been so tired, so tired!"

Malcolm stooped and kissed the fair forehead as he whispered: "When I have finished eating I have a new story to tell unto thee a wondrous story about a young Shepherd—"

Interest dawned in the pain filmed eyes. Glancing up at him lovingly she spoke: "Hurry then, I like to hear about these shepherds; how nice it would be to lie upon a hill top and watch the clouds sail by and then to wait for the wings of the night as they gently enfold all in dusk and quietness."

The mother quietly prepared Malcolm's evening meal; she noted with throbbing grief that Malcolm had received the news from Hamir. She spoke not, only when he arose from the table; she placed her arm about his shoulder as she spoke: "Do not tire her with a long story—be patient—"

"Yes, mother; this story will not take long in the telling."

As a muffled sob escaped her, she hugged him close to her heart as if to ease the pain; only for a little while, then she pushed him away from her as she whispered: "Go to Sara—she waits—"

Malcolm stood outside the room of sickness fighting for self control; the tears would glide into his eyes and the sobs would tear through his slender throat. Gritting his teeth together he stood tensely until the pain eased a bit. Then rubbing his face briskly so it would be red all over and not just about the eyes, he entered the quiet room. Sara moved in her restlessness. As her eyes sought those of Malcolm, she tried to smile. Her eyes noted the brief he had borne and consternation dawned in her eyes as she asked: "Didst thou not read thy lesson rightly this day?"

He tried to laugh as he answered: "Listen quietly and I shall tell thee about the great Shepherd; Hamir told us this story when we grew tired of our lessons—"

Her thin fingers lay winding the fringes of the cover about each other as Malcolm began: "Hamir has said that on the night this Shepherd was born, a radiant star appeared in the sky. This baby grew as we have grown until now He is a tall man—and Hamir has said that He can do wondrous things for those who love and will follow after Him. He was sent by our Father God and I suppose the star lighted His way down from Heaven. For Hamir has said this One has done wondrous works and that he can heal all manner of illness—"

Sara's cry broke into his story; with a wondering smile she gazed up at Malcolm as she questioned: "Can He heal me?"

Malcolm stared down into her appealing face and a wonder dawned in his own eyes. He sat down suddenly as if the thought was more than he could bear. He barely whispered: "Hamir has said that He can heal all manner of illness; he has said that He can call back to life the dead!"

Another thought clouded Sara's mind; sadly she mused: "We have no goods, no money to pay such a one for healing—"

Stoutly, Malcolm spoke: "If He will heal thee, I shall promise to labor for Him when I am grown; He must be a kind Shepherd, for Hamir has heard wondrous things concerning Him. Tomorrow I shall ask of Hamir where this Shepherd may be found; then if mother will allow me, I shall go for Him to heal thy illness."

Sara enthused: "Dear Malcolm! To be free from this pain—to lie out in the cool grass—to behold the awakening stars, to listen to the songs of the birds! My happiness would be so great I wonder if I could bear the joy."

Malcolm softly patted the thin hand as he promised: "I shall ask of the way and learn more about this great Shepherd tomorrow. Sleep now, while the angels bring thee dreams of beauty, of love."

Malcolm sought his mother who was resting beneath the olive trees. Silently she listened to his talk concerning the great Shepherd. Then gently she chided: "Thou shouldst not have spoken to Sara concerning this great Shepherd; well thou knowest that we have neither the money nor the goods to pay such a one—"

Malcolm spoke through blinding tears: "Mother, surely this great Shepherd will have compassion upon us and in the years to come when I have become grown, do not even know His name; thou hast said Hamir has spoken of His so great kindness—"

"But my beloved son, we have none to go in search of Him, nor do we know where He is to be found; we do not even know His name; thou hast spoken Hamir calls Him the great Shepherd. It sounds like so much foolishness to me. If Hamir can not teach thee with more wisdom, it is best that I seek another."

"Hamir once beheld this great Shepherd as He raised one from the dead, so surely he knows! May I not go and make a search for Him, mother dear? Hamir has spoken of His wondrous kindness, and Sara is so sweet and so pretty that I am sure He would come and heal her illness."

Gently the mother agreed: "It is thus; it was foolish of thee to speak thus to Sara, for now, the waiting and the pain will seem the greater; for she will feel that if we would we could get this One thou hast spoken concerning—"

His little face grew white with determination. For a long while he said nothing. Then: "Let us go to our rest; Sara is now sleeping quietly—"

And the shadows lay long and darkly across the land of Abraham. It was the second night since Malcolm had spoken to Sara concerning the great Shepherd. Eagerly, he had questioned Hamir further, and he had answered him thus: "Where the great Shepherd is to be found—I do not know, for He claims no other home than His mother's, and rarely is He to be found there. He wanders up and down the valley seeking the lost and the sick; or perhaps He may be found on the mountain top talking to His Father—"

Young Malcolm could not understand the meaning back of the words Hamir had spoken. He only knew he must seek for this great Healer. Concerning his mother, being a woman of the land, she would not

understand nor would he ask her to go with him. And Sara needed her constant care. So thus the burden lay upon him; alone he must seek for the great Healer. He would tell this to Sara and she could tell their mother. Softly Malcolm went into the room wherein lay Sara. Her pain dimmed eyes opened wider at his clothing, for he was dressed for the day. Softly he told her of his plans. She reached for his hand as she cautioned: "Thou must take care for thyself; rather would I always lie like this than to have aught happen unto thee—"

Stoutly he boasted: "I am nearly at the age of nine; I can care for myself. Tell mother that when I have found this great Shepherd I shall return—"

"Go then, Malcolm. Say to Him that if He can not find time to come and heal my sickness, that if only I could walk a little—my back aches so much—"

The shadows lay long and dark across the land as young Malcolm walked along with face uplifted to the stars; the tears ran unheeded; he who had talked so bravely found the dark filled with the sound of wild beasts. The morning light found him following closely a caravan loaded with spices. With a new hope in his heart he sought out the owner. Eagerly he told him of Sara and his flight and of his search. Being a man of compassion, the owner replied: "My son is of thy age, but he seems too lazy, too pampered to help with the labor. Thou mayest labor for thy keep until we find this One thou seekest; thou must indeed be a brave lad to leave thy home—"

Malcolm shook his head and tried to keep his voice steady as he replied: "No, all this night I was afraid; my mother has said unto me that the stars are the windows of heaven so that I need not fear. I tried to keep my eyes on them, but the cry of the wild beasts frightened me—"

"Ho, lad; fret not thyself! Thou shalt be as a son to me—come and let us find food."

It was balm to his aching body and tiredness; scarcely had Malcolm hoped for such kindness. After he finished eating, he set about doing the small chores set before him; he was busy doing these when an impudent voice demanded: "And where is thy mother? Surely such a babe as thyself hast not wandered away from his mother?"

Malcolm faced the impudent son of the caravan owner. With a tired voice he answered him: "I am working for thy father to earn my keep until I shall find the Healer of all sickness—"

Loudly did Joel laugh: "It must be that the sun rays have been too much for thy head; thou speakest such queer words—"

Many more words did Joel speak, baiting Malcolm; calmly at first he tried to reason; he told him of the great Shepherd; he spoke of the wisdom of Hamir. With a knowing laugh, Joel asked: "I believe thy master must be mad; Surely, if there were such a one as this Shepherd I should have heard of Him, for I have been to the market place many times. Dost thy master perhaps act queerly?"

Malcolm tired and worn, could contain himself no longer. Such scornful words against his master Hamir must be avenged. Doubling up his fists he struck Joel across the face. Joel with a mad scream dodged back and ran for his father's tent. Sick at heart, Malcolm watched him leave. Why had he not held his anger? Was he again to have to walk the highway alone and friendless? Sadly he turned back to his task. He did not behold Joel as with sword in hand he crept up behind him. A sudden movement caused Malcolm to leap to his feet and the descending sword caught him full in the face. An unearthly scream and then the silence of death. The sound of running feet came to Joel who stood foolishly gazing down upon the face of Malcolm still clutching the reddened blade in his hand.

"What is it, my son. To my ears came the scream of death." Joel's father fell to his knees by the side of Malcolm. Tenderly he picked him up in his arms and bore him to his tent.

It was at the hour of the middle watch and Joel lay sobbing on his cot. His father stood above him with lash in hand. In a terrible voice he spoke: "If thou wast not so repentant I should beat thee until thou shouldest suffer a tenth of what Malcolm is enduring. In thy anger thou hast blinded him and plunged him in to the pit of darkness—"

It was at the sixth day since Malcolm had begun his search. The sun was rising over the hills as the caravan crept slowly along. Sightless Malcolm now sat upon a camel, a different Malcolm, thinner and with the boyishness gone from his thin set face. Joel always rode by his side, trying to right his great wrong; telling of the sights and sounds that came to them. When they neared the city, Joel spoke: "Remain with us; perhaps together we may find this one whom thou seekest—"

Tensely, Malcolm spoke: "I must go by myself; I must seek for Him—it is the one way."

Joel nearly wept: "Alone and blind—how canst thou hope?"

"Hamir hast spoken that all are safe within His fold; I shall keep my mind fixed on Sara, on her need, thus surely I shall not fail! I must hurry, for the doctors have spoken that death is seeking her."

And so it came to pass that when the city was reached, young Malcolm, with a money bag sewed to his clothing by the father of Joel, set out on his quest. With staff in hand, he would go from one house to another to ask: "Hast thou seen the great Shepherd who is able to heal all manner of sickness?" Some would answer with pity, some with scorn, and none could give him an answer. As days of discouragement followed, Malcolm began to doubt Hamir's words; he reasoned: surely if there were such a One as the great Shepherd, others would know of Him. The wings of night crept down as Malcolm sought the coolness of a garden along the way. He flung himself down upon the soft grass and wildly he wept: "Beloved Father of all mankind, have mercy?"

So dark was the night that Malcolm did not know of

the Stranger kneeling close by. A tender smile dawned upon the Stranger as gently He stretched forth a hand as He asked: "My child, why weepest thou?"

Quickly Malcolm got to his feet and tried to glimpse the face. He began: "My sister Sara lies at death's door and I have failed her. I told her that I would seek the great Shepherd and bring Him back to heal her sickness, and I have not found Him!"

"Dost thou believe this Shepherd is able to do these things—such as to heal the sick?"

"Hamir hast spoken that He can heal all manner of sickness—that He can raise the dead and give sight to the blind—"

"Why hast thou not found Him?" came the gentle question.

"I did not know His name. Hamir knew Him only by the name of the great Shepherd."

The tender voice came softly through the darkness: "Thou art alone and blind? And by thyself thou hast sought for this One? Surely, thy love for thy sister is great inasmuch as thou hast forgotten self—"

"Sara is so pretty and she would like to run and play; she has said that if the great Shepherd could not heal her, if only some days she could walk—her back gets so tired—"

"And dost Sara believe in this Shepherd?"

"It is thus; I have spoken to her the words Hamir has given to us concerning this One; so she believes and loves Him."

"Thou art weary, lad. Lie down and rest for the while. I shall awaken thee at dawning—" The olive trees crooned a soft lullaby over the small figure lying so forlornly on the cloak of the Stranger. After sleep had closed his weary eyes, the Stranger walked deeper into the darkness of the trees and knelt. He arose as the high winds foretold the new day. He stood and smiled gently down upon Malcolm; then He spoke: "My beloved child! If all would have thy courage and thy great faith!"

The Stranger noted with concern the thin face of the youth—the blue shadowy lines beneath the eyes; gently He gathered him up in His arms and brushed the hair back from the forehead. Malcolm stirred and whispered: "Oh mother!" The Stranger's eyes grew misty as He whispered: "My dear one! Not always hast thou been blinded—"

When Malcolm realized where he was, he tried to smile as he said: "Thine arms are soft just like my mother's; I dreamt that she held me in her arms; who art thou?"

Gently, the Stranger questioned: "Canst thou not reason?" Malcolm's fingers went over the rough cloth of the robe for a while then he spoke: "Thou art a shepherd?"

Gaily the Stranger laughed: "Well spoken, lad. I am going thy way so thus I shall carry thee for the while—"

No longer was the pathway long nor lonely for Malcolm; for thus had he reasoned in his heart; he had not found the great Shepherd, his mother would worry; so

it were better for him to return to his home and cheer Sara as much as possible. He had tried and failed. He would believe that some day he would find this great One to heal Sara. This thought so cheered him that he found that he could laugh at the jokes the Stranger knew and related; little incidents in the lives of the Shepherds He knew. Their gaiety brought Malcolm's mother to the door. Her cry of gladness froze on her lips as she beheld the wounded face and the sightless eyes. "Malcolm! My son, my beloved son!" She held him tightly in her arms. When he found he could safely talk, his first question was: "Sara?"

The mother wiped the tears from her eyes as she answered: "A miracle happened, so thus I knew thou hadst found the great Healer. Early one morning at daybreak I heard her glad cry; I ran into her room. A brilliant shaft of light lay like a rainbow across the room. Sara raised herself up to reach for it, and forgetting self, she arose from her bed healed. Never from that moment has she known pain. I knew then thy search had been fruitful—"

Malcolm stood silently for the moment trying to grasp the meaning of what his mother was saying; then he shook his head in wonderment: "Mother, I did not find the great Shepherd; this Stranger helped me home, though I know not his name—"

The joyous voice of the Stranger asked: "Beloved child, and yet thou knowest me not?"

Malcolm stood silently as he tried to marshall his flaming thoughts. Wild unbelief dawned upon his face, as he struggled to find belief. He dropped to his knees as he whispered: "Thou art the great Shepherd and Thou hast healed Sara! Oh Shepherd, some day I shall pay thee!"

"My beloved child! Thou hast paid Me! Thy great faith, thy love is all the payment I ask. Believe in Me, seek My way and I shall abide with thee always." Gently He helped Malcolm to his feet as he further questioned: "Is there no further way I may help?"

Joyously Malcolm answered: "Thou hast given us a greater blessing than anything I could ask of Thee."

The great Shepherd persisted: "And thy eyes?"

Malcolm answered: "I mind not about my eyes as long as Sara is healed. Myself is of no concern—"

"Thou hast not the faith in Me that I am able to open thine eyes?"

"Thou hast done so much for me; how can I ask more?"

With a luminous smile, He chided: "Canst thou not have the faith to ask and believing, receive greater blessings?"

"Oh, Master! It is not that I lack faith in Thee! How can I ever pay Thee for all Thy great goodness unto us?"

Soft as a mother's hands, the great Shepherd touched the blinded eyes and breathed thanks unto the Father. As Malcolm's eyes opened with wonder, the great Shepherd spoke: "Our Father desires His children's happiness; this is all the payment He desires—share your happiness with others—"

OUR READING ROOM

PARDON AND PEACE by Alfred Wilson, C.P., Sheed and Ward, 63 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. \$2.50.

Taking the reality of conscience with its urgent need of confiding in another human being as a point of departure, Father Wilson shows the healing effects of confession as of necessity, according to nature. Then turning to the Sacrament of Penance, he shows how far beyond human calculation are the spiritual benefits conferred on the penitent, since it is Christ who absolves.

After this popular treatment of confession as a psychological need, and a Sacramental boon which brings the sinful soul into contact with Divine Mercy, Father Wilson then patiently and thoroughly explains the technique of confession in a way satisfactory to penitent and confessor alike. He gives a clear and steady consideration to the large issues (such as feelings and phobias, bogeys, etc.) which bring about serious spiritual disorder; he also considers the slighter issues (fuddle and suchlike) which harass the penitent who thinks these things are peculiar to himself and is afraid to seek the advice of the confessor. He writes from a wide background of experience, often wittily, always with sympathy. There is hardly a reader but will find his peculiar difficulty touched upon here.

For some reason or other many outside the church still find the "idea" of going to confession repugnant and destructive of human dignity; place this book in their hands. If they have the patience to read only the introduction their hostility will cease. Inside the Church the number is legion of Catholics who need just such a volume as this to dissipate much of the nonsense which hinders salutary confessions. For the convert or the person under instruction the book will supplement the brief instructions on the Sacrament of Penance. For the parish

priest the book will be a welcome addition to the catechetical section of his library. For the confessor it may be a refresher course in moral theology.

PARDON AND PEACE should have a twofold effect of assuring greater peace of mind and a certain increase of vitality in the spiritual life that comes to the Catholic who takes pains to **REALIZE** a little more deeply a truth which he has known only sketchily all his life.

W.S.

Free: A box of beautiful Golden Book Memorial Cards.

One of these cards is just what you would wish to present to your friends when death occurs in their family. Address: Benedictine Fathers, Benet Lake, Wisconsin.

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET by Elizabeth Goudge, The Sun Dial Press, Garden City, New York. \$1.50.

Those who have seen the movie, **GREEN DOLPHIN STREET** will get even more satisfaction from the novel. The author, Elizabeth Goudge, is a romanticist whose vigorous and charming style and great gift of story-telling can carry the reader out of the work-day world into the far-away land of make-believe. The author of **ISLAND MAGIC**, **TOWERS IN THE MIST**, and a **CITY OF BELLS** has surpassed herself in this best-selling novel **GREEN DOLPHIN STREET**.

The time is 1830. The action alternates between New Zealand, the

high seas, and the Channel Islands off the southern English coast.

The formula for writing a successful novel is very simple; even if its execution requires high art and prodigious labor. Take one interesting character, or several; let the character make a mistake because of his peculiar weakness or quirk of temperament; the mistake produces a dramatic situation, and you are on your way. Above all things the novelist should let the action develop out of the motives, ambitions, desires, etc., of the main character. Elizabeth Goudge wrote her novel according to this formula. If William Ozanne and Marianne Le Patourel had been different than they were the story would never have happened.

If, for example, Elizabeth Goudge had endowed William Ozanne with a retentive memory for names, he would never have created a dramatic situation by making a mistake. But William could never remember names, and when, after ten years in New Zealand, he wrote back to the Island off the southern coast of England for the woman he loved to come out and marry him, he put down the wrong name, her sister's.

His first realization of his tragic error was the moment when he stood on the wharf at Wellington, scanning the deck of the "Green Dolphin" for a sight of his beloved Marguerite, and then saw with a sinking of heart and shock that it was her sister, Marianne, moody, cold and ambitiously proud, who had crossed half the world to marry him.

Three lives could have been ruined by this tragic lapse of memory and slip of the pen, but William, who was the soul of chivalry, held his tongue about his mistake, and undertook to make a success of the marriage. It is not usually the glaringly serious mistakes which produce tragic as well as dramatic situations in life; for more often than not the turning point of a human life hinges

upon a seemingly trifling error, and frequently a whole life-time is used up in paying the price of it. That is what William Ozanne found out.

To the impatient reader who cares only for the story itself the book will seem padded with useless long descriptions which interfere with the action; yet it is in her descriptions that the author portrays her narrative skill. The book abounds with lively scenes and unforgettable portraits. At random let us select the scene in Doctor Ozanne's office when Marianne Le Patourel enters, leading a little boy by the hand. The boy has hurt his wrist, and is very frightened.

"The surgery was none too clean, and its atmosphere of whiskey and anesthetics and unwashed humanity was enough to knock you over. The shabby frock coat that the doctor wore for work in the surgery was none too clean either, and there was a slight tremor about his hands, as he tried to bring a little order into the litter on his desk. She had been right, thought Marianne; His practice was not going to improve. He would never be a successful doctor.

Yet the moment he turned his attention to the boy she had to admit that there are two ways of being a successful doctor. As he took the child on his knee and pushed up the ragged sleeve to examine the wrist, she forgot all about the dirt and stuffiness of the room, and was aware only of the huge warmth of this man's kindness. He was talking quietly and easily to the boy in the patois that he had learned in his youth, his whole attention centered upon him as though to have this child on his knee were the thing that he wanted most in the whole world. And the fear had gone out of the boy's eyes and the dimples were showing in his cheek. It was just so, Marianne remembered that he had welcomed her when she had first come to Green Dolphin Street ... He had seemed to want her ... And he *had* wanted her, just as he wanted the child on his knee ... Only in contact with humanity could the lover-like quality of his kindness find satisfaction. That's what makes people wait in his surgery with such a sense of rest and quiet. One is at rest with people who want one; they are like a warm house with the door open ... And one trusts an open door, for trust begets trust,

and if the people inside didn't trust you they wouldn't leave it open."

It is in her development of character that Elizabeth Goudge seems to excel. But of the three main characters of the book her masterpiece is Marianne. The real conflict in the book, waged behind the curtains of the heart and not always visible except when the storm becomes violent, is the battle between pride and humility in the heart of a coldly ambitious woman. Had it not been for Marianne's ruthless pride and driving ambition to get what she wanted the story of Green Dolphin Street could never have happened. And without her humility at the end, the story would have closed with Marianne as a frustrated and pathetically disillusioned old woman. She learned that what Captain O'Hara of the Green Dolphin had more than once said: "It's not the things we get that make us what we are, but the things we don't get," and that is humility's most practical lesson. W.S.

FISHERS OF MEN by Maxence van der Meersch, Sheed and Ward, 1947, 63 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. \$3.00.

This book, written by Van der Meersch, one of the best Christian novelists in France of the younger generation is not a novel in the strict sense, for there is no real plot; but there is conflict and excellent character development in the person of the young worker, Peter Mardyck. True courage is compatible with great timidity of character; in fact courage of the kind expressed by van der Meersch's Peter Mardyck is the courage we expect to find in the martyrs whose conviction that God was with them inspired them with fortitude. Peter was not naturally a brave man. His strength in the midst of danger and opposition came from the grace of God which he felt coursing through his soul.

Besides being gripping entertainment this story of a young workingman's courage is also one of the clearest statements of the aims of

Jocism, the system of thought of the Young Christian Workers, known in France as the Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne, or simply the J.O.C. The book's real value as a clear exposé of the method of Catholic Action cannot be overestimated. As John Fitzsimons says in his introduction to the story: "By reading this book one can learn more about the lay-apostolate than by studying a score of textbooks. For it shows dramatically how real people who have the Christian dynamic in their souls react to real situations."

"Fishers of Men" is more than just an interesting book written in novel form. It is more than a clear piece of reporting. "It is a description of the Mystical Body of Christ in action." In view of this it is not difficult to understand why van der Meersch writing to the Jocists of France should have said: "I am proud to have been chosen by God to write of you, living witnesses of Christ. In fact, I consider this book to be the greatest of my career and of my existence."

This is a must book for every Christian workingman. It is almost the gospel of the Christian worker. Not only will he derive from it more than one hour of real entertainment, but he will emerge from its reading with a better understanding of what Christ expects of his workingman in the midst of a pagan world. Any Catholic discussion club engaged in a study of social justice and the labor encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pius XI, should require their members to read "Fishers of Men" at least once.

There are passages of pure spiritual beauty in the book which will give flashes of understanding to much misunderstood mysteries of the Catholic Faith. We cannot easily forget the high praise given this book by the reviewer in the Benedictine Quarterly Review, Pax published by the monks of Prinknash, England: "It is not surprising that "Fishers of Men" contains, in a single paragraph, one of the best comments on the meaning of the Mass that the present reviewer has ever read." W.S.

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

A baby six weeks old had meningitis very bad. A stamp of Brother Meinrad was placed on the child's bed and the novena prayed. The baby immediately showed signs of improvement and was dismissed from the hospital in a week's time.

Another child was suffering from infectious diarrhea for three weeks and a lymphacytosis was turned over to Brother Meinrad for help. A relic was placed on the child and the novena prayers said. In a day's time the child showed improvement and speedily recovered.

Enclosed is an offering in thanksgiving for the success of a new job which I sought through Brother Meinrad's aid. I found it on the sixth day of a novena. E.W. (Ind.)

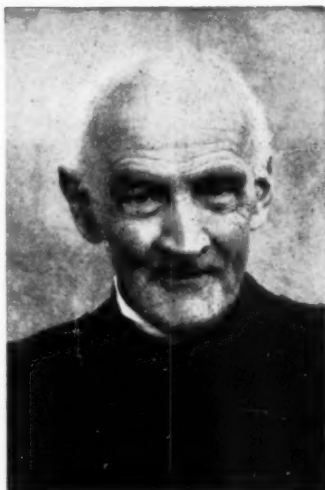
I had a novena of Masses said for the success of an operation I was to undergo. Thanks to Brother Meinrad I had no unusual hemorrhage as in previous operations. Before the operation my blood pressure was 200 and now it is 112. The doctor is pleased with my condition. E.S. (Ariz.)

I thank Brother Meinrad for improved health and less pain. L.M. (Ill.)

My mouth was very sore and I promised an offering if it healed quickly. My prayers were answered. E.R. (Ind.)

I wish to report obtaining a favor through Brother Meinrad. It was not received at the end of my novena, but I continued to pray and finally obtained my desire. L.C. (Ky.)

We prayed fervently for a very important decision to be settled in our favor. It seemed almost impossible. However, Brother Meinrad heard our prayer and our intention has been granted. F.G. (R. I.)



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them in to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

We took some movies of my son's First Holy Communion celebration. That evening, however, when I opened the camera the entire film that had not rewound itself was exposed to a very strong electric light. Sick at heart I put it back on the spool and sent it to be processed. A friend told me of Brother Meinrad. I promised him that I would send an offering if only a small portion of the film were good. To my great surprise the entire film was very good. A.V. (Colo.)

I prayed to Brother Meinrad for a place to live and in about a week I found one. J.G. (Ill.)

Enclosed is an offering. Brother Meinrad has helped again. He seems to love children. Whenever one of mine is sick I ask his intercession and it helps every time. J.H. (Colo.)

Enclosed is an offering in thanksgiving to Br. Meinrad for curing my father of a severe chest pain and bruises received in a fall. The pain would not respond to medical aid, but when a picture of Brother Meinrad was applied, relief was almost instant. M.C. (Ill.)

There is not a day but I receive a favor from Brother Meinrad. Our corn—and a lot of it—was spoiling. I asked his help. We sold every bit of it. Also feel he helped us keep our home ... L.M. (Ind.)

I ascribe an easy and safe delivery to Brother Meinrad's aid. When my baby was ready to be weaned we had some trouble with him until I pinned the relic of Br. Meinrad on his clothing. From that time on he slept much better. F.D. (Okla.)

I have received about six favors from Brother Meinrad that I considered almost impossible ... C.L. (Ind.)



THE PROMISE OF THE BLESSED MOTHER

for the

FIVE FIRST SATURDAYS

"I promise at the hour of death to help with the graces needed for their salvation, whoever on the first Saturday of five consecutive months, shall confess and receive Holy Communion, recite five decades of the Rosary, and keep me company for fifteen minutes while meditating on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary with the intention of making reparation to me."

The Blessed Mother at Fatima on June 13th, 1917.

Note: In a later revelation the Blessed Mother explained that the Confession may be made during the eight days before or after the Communion on the first Saturday of the month. The Rosary (five decades) may be recited at any convenient time on the First Saturday; also the fifteen minute meditation may be made at any convenient time of that day, either on all of the mysteries as a whole, or on one special mystery.

Leaflets that briefly tell the story of Our Lady's appearances at Fatima, Portugal, with a little chart for keeping count of the First Saturdays, and also containing the Litany of the Immaculate Heart of Mary are available from THE GRAIL Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana for 35¢ per hundred leaflets. Although the Blessed Mother appeared in 1917, it was only recently that what she revealed has been made public. Thus you are asked to promote the knowledge of the messages of the Blessed Mother by these little leaflets. You can also obtain a copy of *THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA* by Mary Fabyan Windeatt for \$2.00 from THE GRAIL Office.

BEGIN YOUR FIRST SATURDAY THIS MONTH
